

ning chiefly to the unique response of the conqueror. Generations of frontier strife had left a legacy of bitterness that was bound to test the most charitable British intentions, and when the Treaty of Paris in 1763 demolished the French North American empire the stouthern inhabitants faced not only political but also social and cultural annihilation. In the beginning, indeed, the British Government planned to force the French-Canadian province into the same pattern as the Thirteen Colonies. From this policy they were saved by the wisdom of British soldiers. For almost four years Canada remained under the rule of military governors, who were sympathetic to the needs and feelings of the new subjects, and who made no effort to change the French-Canadian mentality and way of life. As Gustave Lanctôt in *Canada and the American Revolution 1774-1783* says: "The English unconsciously put into practice Machiavelli's theory that you can easily govern a foreign people if you do not try to modify its ancient customs."

When civilian government was introduced in August, 1764, both Governor James Murray and his successor Guy Carleton insisted that the French Canadian should be protected in his ancient laws and customs, especially in matters of land tenure, and both supported the use of French civil law in the courts. "Barring a catastrophe, shocking to think of," wrote Carleton, "this country must to the end of time be peopled by the Canadian race, who already have taken such firm root and got to so great a height, that any new stock transplanted would be totally hid and imperceptible among them, except in the towns of Quebec and Montreal." This was certainly the point of view that influenced the British Government in 1774 when they passed the Quebec Act. Although some such measure was necessary to clear up the confusion with regard to laws and religion, the Quebec Act was essentially an act of expediency to preserve Canada at a time when murmurs of rebellion were rising to the southward and when war with the French was regarded as an imminent

possibility. As it happened, the Act irritated rather than intimidated the English colonists, and when the War of the American Revolution broke out, the French Canadians disappointed both sides by remaining sullenly neutral. Although the bulk of the clergy remained loyal, as Dr. Langelot tells us, the average inhabitant refused to have anything to do with the war. Fewer than 400 fought on the Loyalist side: only a handful joined the rebels.

Meanwhile, as a consequence of British failures, thousands of Loyalists migrated voluntarily or under compulsion into Canada and Nova Scotia. The 30,000 or so who took refuge in the Maritime provinces created a new problem, but most of the 7,000 who crossed the St. Lawrence River were bound to resent a constitutional and social system that had been intended, in 1774, for a country that seemed likely to remain everlastingly French. Similarly, the French Canadians were bound to be excited by the invasion of French immigrants, who were certain to demand their accustomed institutions and liberties. Consequently, the American Revolution not only created a racial duality; it introduced a new and uncompromising spirit of race nationalism, which further waves of settlers from Europe were to consolidate.

Following the Napoleonic Wars a steady stream of immigrants poured into the St. Lawrence Valley; between 1830 and 1832 more than 10,000 arrived from the United Kingdom alone. By the end of the 1840s Lord Durham's creation, the newly united province of Canada (1841), had a population of nearly a million and a half. Most of the immigrants went in the upper St. Lawrence area, subsequently to be called Ontario; but in the French part of the province population gains depended chiefly on natural increase. Unhappily, the lack of a systematic land policy continued to put brakes on Canadian development generally.

The lessons of past history, when vast tracts were surrendered to mono-

polists and speculators and allowed to remain in their natural state until made salable by the advance of private settlement, were ignored. Consequently, thousands of prospective settlers moved off westward through Detroit into the Mississippi Valley. During the 1830s only about a third of the newcomers to Upper Canada (Ontario) remained in that province, and this unhappy situation scarcely improved with the coming of the railways. The Grand Trunk Railway with its western terminus at Port Huron became after its completion in 1853 one of the most important instruments in the development of the American North-West. By the end of the century it is probable that the number of native-born Canadians living in the United States nearly equalled the number living in Canada. Professor Macdonald, in his *Canada: Immigration and Colonisation 1841-1903*, contends that the tide of immigration after 1871 had turned definitely in favour of Canada, but his statistics do not confirm this assertion. Between 1871 and 1901, the Canadian population of around three and a half millions grew at the rate of less than 60,000 a year, during which time more than a million and a half disillusioned German, Scandinavian, British and central European immigrants moved southward across the American border.

Not until the opening of the twentieth century did the tide turn with the opening of the Canadian West. At break-neck speed settlers and speculators began to roll into the prairies at the rate of two and three hundred thousand a year, forcing the creation of two new provinces, Alberta and Saskatchewan. During this period British capital and British and American machinery were plentifully supplied to ease the task of subjugating the soil. Feeder lines were added to the Canadian Pacific, and two additional and unnecessary railways, the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Northern, were built to transport the newcomers and the prospective fruits of their labours. Emigrants from the British Isles and from eastern Canada led the original pattern of prairie life, but as Douglas

Hill explains in *The Opening of the Canadian West*, Ruthenians and Poles, Ukrainians and Donkshobors brought with them their own cultural and religious customs and traditions, that have been maintained with blended variations to the present day. Doubtless most Americans paid little attention to this peaceful revolution on their borders. They simply took Canada for granted, an attitude of "benevolent condescension" that confirmed, however, a happy revolution in their own attitudes. After the Civil War the United States had the resources, the experience and the ambition that seemed to justify possession of the largest army in the world. Economic pressure alone, it was assumed by many Americans, would suffice to propel Canada into commercial, and possibly political, union with the Republic. Lacking the self-reliance that comes from prosperous growth and close political integration, Canada was forced to depend for security largely on the bargaining power of British diplomacy, and this was severely limited.

Indeed, the weary "imperial titan" became more anxious as time went on to placate rather than provoke the United States, and policies of appeasement, which British governments practised, often meant yielding on peculiarly sensitive issues such as fisheries and boundaries. With worldwide responsibilities which were being rapidly extended in Africa, and still dominated by the Free Trade ideal, British statesmen were not prepared to press Canadian claims at the risk of war. No matter how righteous the Canadian cause, they were unwilling to provoke the United States with any show of "mailed diplomacy". Considering the vulnerability of Canada this policy of surrender was probably the correct one: Canada had much more to lose from a just war than from an unjust treaty.

None the less, even before Joseph Chamberlain introduced glamour into the Colonial Office, colonies were becoming fashionable. Under the impact of industrial competition and the leadership of statesmen like Disraeli, the new imperialism gained as rapidly as doctrines of laissez-faire dwindled. Imperial responsibility for British subjects, interests and territories, it was announced, should not be limited by geography. In 1884 the Imperial Federation League was organized in London, and thereafter branches were established in various Canadian cities. The aim of the movement was not only to resist the widespread tendency of carelessness and indifference towards the imperial connexion, but also to prepare the ground for a systematic plan of Empire federation.

But even in the wide and unbounded field of joint defence, a growing national consciousness played havoc with the plans of the Federalists. So far as defence matters were concerned, the Colonial Conference of 1887 amounted to little more than an Australian-South African forum; Canada took little part in the deliberations. Relying on the British Government's undertaking to defend the country, the Canadian delegation contended that the Royal Navy's Atlantic and North Pacific squadrons provided them with as much security as it was possible for a small continental colony to obtain. In short, Canada announced a policy of non-participation in both national and imperial schemes of naval defence, and this policy of no status quo was inflexibly maintained until plans for a small local navy were launched in 1910. The issue revealed a curious national dilemma which was largely a consequence of the unsettled constitutional position of the country. There was general unanimity among Canadians on the question of retaining within the Empire; yet no Canadian statesman was prepared to accept an obligation to share in imperial defence, even to the extent of modest naval grants; yet such contributions threatened national or racial autonomy. Indeed, and especially in French Canada, it was assumed that any substantial increase in local military estimates might commit the colony to participation in remote British wars.

Hebich while he submitted to his Ontario supporters in making token contributions to the South African war, Prime Minister Wilfrid Laurier persisted at successive imperial conferences in blocking all attempts at

ingonize his Quebec supporters. Only the need for holding an important section of English-Canadian Liberals forced him to contemplate the creation of a Canadian navy. His Naval Service Bill promising five cruisers and six destroyers helped to lose him the election of 1911, and although a ton in Canada and "Imperial Defence" succinctly explains, the ships never materialized. Neither of his Conservative successors, Sir Robert Borden, who lost his own Cabinet, the Borden Bill providing thirty-five million dollars for the building of battleships in Britain passed the Commons, but was crushed by a Liberal majority in the Senate.

None the less, although the growth of national self-consciousness (English as well as French) had been slowly sapping traditional impulses of colonial loyalty, in 1914 the Borden government immediately accepted the British declaration of war as an automatic commitment for the whole Empire. Out of a population of some nine millions, 600,000 joined the fighting forces, and more than 50,000 were left dead in France and Belgium. Unhappily, extreme nationalists in French Canada came to regard "Ontario Prussianism" as a greater menace than the German armies, and when in 1917 the Government accepted selected conscription as a means of filling depleted ranks, the wound to Canadian unity was severe and lasting. Leaders of Quebec nationalism were to talk about secession, and the formation of a separate state, "Laurentia".

The war of 1914-18, by advertising the sacrifices of a self-governing North American nation, provided the first step up the ladder of what subsequently to be called Dominion Status; and after the war, by a series of cautious retreats from British imperial responsibilities, it was possible for the Liberal Prime Minister, Mackenzie King, to underline this newly acquired status. In 1923, when a treaty with Turkey was eventually negotiated, Canada declined to participate in the negotiations proceeding the Treaty of Locarno, and the final abandonment of a common foreign policy for the Empire revealed itself in Clause IX of the Treaty which specifically excluded the Dominions from its provisions, and in so doing recognized that a Dominion might adopt a passive role in any European conflict involving the Mother Country. The Imperial Conference of 1926 adopted this declaration of independence and by the end of the 1920s Canada appeared to have reached the Promised Land. Legal equality was guaranteed by the Statute of Westminster of 1931.

Yet, in spite of her enhanced status as a partner in the Commonwealth, Canada had less influence on high policy matters between 1929 and 1939 than during the First World War. The often advertised role of Great Britain as interpreter between the great powers is a myth; rather Great Britain nor the United States called her to their councils. There was a partnership in name, but in practice the main direction of military affairs within North America was provided by the United States. This unilateral surrender of part of her sovereignty was largely the result of Prime Minister Mackenzie King, much to the regret of those who would have held her responsible. In spite of some thousand miles of ocean, Canada remained a prisoner of the United States in spite of herself, and in 1939 she was to pay the price for failing to understand that Europe could not be ignored.

None the less, when peace came largely in consequence of the revolution in her industrial life, the so-called "arsenal of democracy" took fourth place as a trading and industrial nation. And until the covery of devastated Europe—especially Japan—she was able, because of the resources at her disposal, to exercise a considerable influence in the councils of powers. Indeed, it became a matter of international importance, for example of a small power, to play a civilizing role in

the Commonwealth in 1956, official emphasis was laid on the enforcement of peace; there were indignation declarations of righteous principle, but the role was accomplished in the pursuit of peacekeeping. Moral strictures of peacekeeping in the future prime minister could not alter the fact that peace of force, even through the United Nations, was not a basic Canadian interest. Canada, wrote J. B. Pearson in 1965, "has developed a special interest in international peace-keeping in many of the world's trouble spots and has played a leading part—with equipment, money and ideas—in the effort to make peace-keeping activities effective." And again, "Canada played a leading part in the development of an Atlantic community. . . . We believed in this community. . . . We would lose interest if it degenerated into a mere old-fashioned military alliance directed by three or four of its most powerful members." To avoid such a degeneration the Canadian Government is responsible for adding Article 24 to the terms of the Nato alliance, calling for joint action by the signatories in economic and cultural fields as well as in the military. As former Secretary of State Dean

Johnson has pointed out in a ruthless dissection of the "Voice of God" in *Neighbours Taken for Granted*, this clause is pure research. Nato happens to be a military alliance, and as a partner can expect to claim powers of leadership, or count on strengthening its position in the forum of the United Nations by means of peace-keeping aims supported by a few peace-keeping patches. One senses that the American doughboy of today might be tempted to repeat to Mr. Pearson his response to General Patton's 1944: "Yah, your guts and our food!"

It is a mistake for any government to assume the mantle of international peace-keeper, unless that government is prepared in the last resort to back up intervention with the armed men necessary to make the effort effective. The British-Canadian must come to terms with her diminished role in the world. This she has already been learning the hard way: a process that is painful to pride, but altogether wholesome if it eliminates further official rhetoric in regard to her unique role as professional Flower Child on the international stage.

The life of Canada is now too closely interwoven with that of the United States to permit too zealous a scramble for even the worthiest ends. Geography has forced the two countries into an unequal partnership, which, under Ameri-

can direction, can have no fixed limit. Canada has been and remains incapable of providing for the military and naval establishments required to defend her essential interests. Inevitably Washington is bound to regard Canadian shores as simply northern extensions of the Atlantic and Pacific coastlines of the United States, and there is little that Canadians can do about it. The vital decisions for Canada, as for Britain, will continue to be made in Washington.

Recent books concerned with Canada include:—
Dictionary of Canadian Biography. Volume 1: 1000 to 1700. General Editor George W. Brown, assisted by Marcel Trudel and André Vachon. 755pp. Toronto University Press. London: Oxford University Press. £5.

RICHARD COLLIER, HARRIS: *The Newfoundland System in Early Canada*. A Geographical Study. 247pp. The University of Wisconsin Press. (American Universities Publishers Group.) £3.15s.

GUNAVI LAMONT: *Canada and the American Revolution 1774-1783*. Translated by Margaret M. Cameron. 321pp. Harvard University Press. London: Harvart. £2.5s.

NORMAN MACDONALD: *Canada: Immigration and Colonisation 1841-1903*. 381pp. Aberdeen University Press. £4.0s.

DONALD HILL: *The Opening of the Canadian West*. 291pp. Heinemann. £2.15s.

RICHARD A. PRESTON: *Canada and "Imperial Defence"*. A Study of the origins of the British Commonwealth's defense organization 1867-1919. 576pp. Duke University Press. \$12.50.

LIVINGSTON T. MURCHANT (Editor): *Neighbours Taken for Granted*. 166pp. Prentice, for the School of Advanced International Studies, Johns Hopkins University. Distributed by Pall Mall Press. £2.2s.

EARLE TOPPINS (Editor): *Canada*. 144pp. 156 plates. Angus and Robertson. £6.6s.

Africa

TRIBAL TITBITS

JOY ADAMSON: *The Peoples of Kenya*. 400pp. Collins. £4.4s.

Joy Adamson, the author of *Born Free* and other books about Elsa, the lioness which she and her family reared, began painting Kenyans of various tribes in their traditional wear in 1945.

After she had already done a number of paintings—and had some published in the *Geographical Magazine*—she was commissioned by the Colonial Government to produce a record of the twenty-two most important tribes. This task was considerable, involving the painting of 132 portraits in twelve to eighteen months. The present book is an account of the undertaking.

The illustrations naturally bulk large. There are thirty-two colour plates of Mrs. Adamson's paintings, and 268 half-tones, mostly photographs taken by the author but including many black-and-white reproductions of her paintings.

Mrs. Adamson makes it clear in the text that she had difficulty in finding sitters who normally wore the costumes she was painting, and this shows. Some of the portraits—too few are striking, and all these are of people of the tribes like the Masai and Samburu who still preserve a good deal of their traditional way of life. Mrs. Adamson's Kikuyu warriors, on the other hand, look like what they are: the most part are—corps and farmers dressed up. The effect at times is comic. Paradoxically, her photographs are on the whole far better than the paintings.

Mrs. Adamson's commission was to produce an anthropological record, and it perhaps did not much matter that she is an undistinguished painter. But though she worked hard to reproduce what she saw, the result—even as a record—was not very satisfactory. She may, for instance, have tried to find out the ritual significance and symbolism of the clothes and ornaments she was painting; but neither in the Coryndon Museum, Nairobi (where the originals hang) nor in this book are her paintings adequately captioned. As a result they are sadly uninformative considering the time and work which went into them.

If poor captioning makes the illustrations of *The Peoples of Kenya* unsatisfactory, the text is even more so. Mrs. Adamson spent about ten years at her work. Her travels took her all over Kenya in a series of safaris anybody would envy. She was at close quarters, for the hours taken to paint a portrait, with an unparalleled cross-section of Kenya's ordinary people.

One would have thought that the account of all this could not fail to be extraordinarily exciting. Yet Mrs. Adamson has succeeded in making it almost dull. Her book reads as though she had gone chronologically through her old diaries, writing them up a bit, adding a little from memory, and supplying a certain amount of anthropological and sociological meat from the books listed in the bibliography. The result is a mishmash of travel diary, description of the problems of finding sitters, chatty narrative about the sitters when found, interspersed with the author's various trials by sickness, untrustworthy cooks, and so on.

There are many references to legend, ritual and so on, but (in spite of the bibliography) they mostly read like titbits picked up during the gossip of a long painting session. They certainly tell one very little. The following is typical: By now the D.D. had produced a few models, among whom was a witch doctor. He looked a bit of a fake, but made up for it by telling me the story of a monster which rises from Lake Victoria and disappears into the sky. I suppose he meant the thin curtain of rain one could often see hanging over the lake which, whipped by a storm into fine whirls, could easily give rise to such a legend. If the witch doctor looked a fake, was he? If so, why did Mrs. Adamson paint him? If not, why bother about an erroneous first impression? The author gives the impression of not caring much either way. Why can we not be told more of the monster, which sounds interesting enough? And why did Mrs. Adamson not find out whether it is connected with the rain, instead of just supposing so?

This passage is all too representative of the book as a whole—and not only in its dreary style. Nothing is followed up; nothing is analysed in what emerges as a mishmash of bits and pieces. Mrs. Adamson's experience and opportunities for learning about Kenya could have made an outstanding book if only they had happened to somebody else. As it is, all chances are missed, all trails lead to frustration. Besides this, the fact that it is twelve years out of date makes it less significant. If *The Peoples of Kenya*, in spite of everything, contains a good deal of interest, the credit is due to the subject—and to the author only to her role as photographer.

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KAFFIR FIGHTING

T. O. RANGER: *Revolt in Southern Rhodesia 1896-7*. 403pp. Heinemann. £3.3s.

It is paradoxical that at a time when while Rhodesia is so firmly in the pillory for man's inhumanity to man, her central archives should have become so free a quarry for liberal scholarship. To Guan and Gelfand one may now add, though on a narrower front, the name of Ranger. Translated from the growing suffocation of Salisbury to the lower but headier atmosphere of University College, Dur es Salaam, Professor Ranger takes a detailed look at the sudden uprising of the Matabele and Mashona tribes in 1896-97. His aim is to ram home the lesson that the resultant white folk tale (based on fear) that "you can never trust a nigger" has very largely made Rhodesia what it is today.

To the general reader, the greater part of this book will be as heavy-going as a mid-winter fenland field. Even the specialist may weary at the lecturing turn of phrase—"Let us now . . .". "We turn next to . . ." and so on. But for the concluding chapters, Mr. Ranger comes precious close to losing himself in the labyrinth of his own painfully constructed copies. And a story which has noble elements of the despairing underdog pitted against the might, the wealth and blindness of the intruder comes near to foundering on a reef of anthropological detail.

The summary, however, redeems the whole. We face in turn the allegedly dispirited and splintered remnants of two ancient tribes; the virtual band of northward-thrusting settlers; Rhodes, his agent in Salisbury, Earl Grey, and his far off company directors; the High Commissioner at the Cape; the missionaries; and the good old imperial Government, Joe Chamberlain *et al*. The coup de théâtre is in the best tradition. The supreme tribes revolt. Intelligence is proved hopelessly at fault. Hundreds of outlying whites are massacred. Panic, followed by a

Let Grey have the penultimate lesson-drawing word on the admirable concluding chapters of this book: So long as I remain here my endeavour will be to teach the natives that my Government is strong enough to punish them when they do wrong and to protect them when they do right and the white population that the employer who ill treats his native dependents and defends them of their just rights is a scoundrel.

But in the final analysis what about this on-the-spot account—allowing for temporary hysteria—which a white official posted home: "I don't think we should have such a lot of cant and hypocrisy and false sentimentalism in the Old Country if they could be sent out in batches and put through a healthy course of kaffir fighting."

Alas for 1923! In Salisbury at least, as Professor Ranger infers, the nineteenth century lingers on.

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METHUEN



MARXIST METAPHYSICS

7 A. JORDAN: *The Evolution of Dialectical Materialism*. 490pp. Macmillan. £3.

this book, he wrote to his sister-in-law, Madame Bienvenue, a letter containing a summary of his experiences. The British and French, he remarked, obeyed him when they were in so much trouble that they had to. We may wind up, even if it is "damnable flattery", by saying that this book, though stiff reading, is well worth the study of Britons who have an adequate knowledge of French.

But there is more to it than that. As the difference in the titles emphasizes, Crutwell was writing before the advent of the Second World War had proved the Great War to be only the beginning, not the end of the story. Sir Llewellyn Woodward has the additional task of satisfying himself and his generation, against much

In research, the author has been content to rely in the main on standard publications, and in some cases not on the most up-to-date authorities. Occasionally this leads him into questionable judgments, particularly on the campaigns in the Middle East. He attributes the failure to include

In presentation he also follows tradition. Each theatre of war and each function of government in organizing the war effort is described successively in separate chapters. At few if any points is a synoptic view established of the whole vast struggle. Even the chronology sometimes becomes confusing. Some of the chapters on the administration of the national economy would have gained by being inserted earlier in the story, instead of relegated to a penultimate section, especially as these are aspects of the war to which past historians have paid too little attention. But such relatively minor matters of personal judgment need to be set against the immense sweep of Sir Lewis Woodward's scholarship. Certainly he has replaced Crutwell; and, almost as certainly, his work will never be replaced by any historian who himself endured the agony of the western front between 1914 and 1918.

Yet another book on dialectical materialism? Can anything remain to be said? Not the least merit of Dr. Jordan's massive work is that it finds new paths through this dense philosophical thicket. The *Evolution of Dialectical Materialism*, in fact, is distinguished for its originality as well as for its learning.

Everybody knows that Marx was a Marxist—the man said so himself. Dr. Jordan sets out to prove that he was no dialectical materialist either.

In metaphysics, the doctrine was called rather casually by Engels, during the course of what he considered the necessary but distasteful task of rebutting the errors of the forgettable but unreadable Herr Eugen Dühring. Although Engels pronounced himself, quite sincerely, no more than an interpreter of Marx, he was really an independent thinker—no mere vulgarizer but a systematic and metaphysician of a strongly Hegelian caste of mind. Although Marx and Engels collaborated in the development of *historical materialism* a theory lacking in logical connections with the dialectical tradition, the so-called disciple did not share much common philosophical ground with the so-called master, who was never, in the full sense, either a materialist or in dialecticism, but an exponent of "naturalism", owing more to Comte and the positivists than he was ever prepared in acknowledge and less to Hegel than is generally imagined. If Marx never created the Anti-Dühring, this was because he was old, ill, and no longer

very interested in philosophical questions.

That, in brief, is the thesis of the first part of Dr. Jordan's book. The case is well-documented and ably argued. It is followed by a detailed examination of the transformations of dialectical materialism, masquerading as "Marxism," effected by Plekhanov, Lenin and Stalin, Engels. Its originator, was an incompetent philosopher but a serious inquirer. With Plekhanov the rot set in. Although he possessed a "scholarly mind," his decisive influence was "in transforming dialectical materialism into a 'political cosmology' and 'cosmological politics' ". Lenin and Stalin, who regarded philosophy primarily as a sophisticated political weapon, carried the process further, with the result that the doctrine now officially accepted in the U.S.S.R. bears only a remote resemblance to that originally formulated by Engels' and hardly any resemblance at all to the thought of Karl Marx. In a very thorough analysis of Lenin's *Materialism and Empirio-Criticism* and *Philosophical Notebooks*, and of Stalin's *Dialectical and Historical Materialism*, Dr. Jordan stresses the former's predominantly instrumental and the latter's purely opportunist approach to the problems of philosophy. In Lenin he finds a worthy antagonist, but one would have thought that Stalin (whose philosophical and historical ignorance is so painfully evident) hardly merits the painstaking treatment that Dr. Jordan gives him.

The "final outcome", writes Dr. Jordan, was "the absorption of philosophy and scientific knowledge by ideology". The only way back, he considers, is for dialectical materialism "to abandon its metaphysical claims and to transform itself into a methodological doctrine". Its status as "a view of the world based on scientific knowledge" could then be reconsidered.

Although this conclusion is by no means novel, the process of reaching it gives Dr. Jordan plenty of opportunity to display not only his acumen as a philosopher but also his deep knowledge of the history of ideas in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. He does this, moreover, in a style so admirably clear that even the reader whose knowledge of philosophy is rather elementary will have little difficulty in following the argument. Loss of patience is more likely to be the reader's affliction than failure of understanding; for Dr. Jordan is repetitious, sometimes all too intolerably so. With no loss to scholarship, he could have reduced this book to perhaps half its present length. But Eastern European scholars—Dr. Jordan is a Pole—rarely care to develop the art of concise expression, and the book is so good that one may readily forgive its author most—if not quite all—of his prolixity.

WALLACE MARTIN. *The history* of a weekly review which, during the years 1937-38, was the major forum for the literary, political and cultural ideas which were to usher in the 20th century. 'Shows very well and fully . . . just what that periodical meant . . . will be of enduring interest not only to cultural historians and specialist students of the period, but to anyone with a feeling for excellence in human aspiration.'—*The Scotsman*. Published. 35s. net.

PHOEBE SHEAVYN. First written in 1909, at a time of quickening interest in writers of social individuals, this book is still the standard textbook on the Elizabethan literary profession. It has been revised throughout by J. W. Saunders, author of *The Profession of English Letters*, who has nevertheless retained the essential character of the original work. *Published* 35s. net.

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ANDRÉ SCHERER and JACQUES GRUNEWALD (Éditeurs): *L'Allemagne et les problèmes de la paix pendant la première guerre mondiale*. Documents extraits des archives de l'Office Allemand des Affaires Étrangères. Vol. I: Août 1914-31 janvier 1917. lx, 719pp. Vol. II: 1er février 1917-7 novembre 1917. 575pp. Paris: Presses Universitaires de France. 35fr. cach.

M. Scherzer and M. Grunewald, two French historians who were able to work on these archives over before their return to west Germany, have selected and edited a collection of these documents dealing with German peace moves during the First World War, presenting the texts in their original languages. This important publication provides a most welcome addition to our knowledge of this controversial subject. For, though the story of the German peace moves has been known in broad outline for some time, without the official records, much has necessarily remained obscure.

Besides attempting to woo the Tsar, German diplomacy was also engaged in another form of peace operation, namely, trying to get Russia out of the war by fomenting civil unrest and revolutionary movements. These subversive German activities have already been well documented, for instance, by Professor Werner Hahn, who in *Lehris Rikskerk nach Russland*, though M. Scherer and M. Grunewald add some details. In February, 1917, when the Russians made their revolution unaided, the formidable military Dammvort of Hindenburg and Ludendorff was firmly in control of German policy and we can now see what sort of peace terms possible emissaries from the new Russia would have got. The pressing personal appeal made by the Austrian Emperor Karl to the German Emperor was also well known.

Though the question of the book dominates both these volumes, they provide much intriguing detail about peace moves in the West as well. In Berné, we find the German move to try to find some tempting bribe for the French among British politicians as a substitute for Alsace Lorraine. Shadowy figures fit to and from famous names are invoked. The editors are to be congratulated for the skill with which they identify so many cover names. Yet some puzzles remain. Who, for instance, can the French have been behind Jung, the Protestant journalist who claimed to have important contacts in Britain and France but also in Britain and with the Germans though it worth noting that he was handsomely financed? These are not matters of political importance, they are of historical importance, they are of the kind that fill the fields of speculation.

FROM FROMK (Editor): *Socialist Humanism*. 427pp. Allen Lane: The Penguin Press. £2 10s

According to the editor of this volume, humanism is "the belief in the unity of the human race and man's potential in perfect himself by his own efforts." When qualified by the adjective "socialist," it involves the additional belief that "theory cannot be separated from practice, knowledge from action, spiritual aims from the social system." In common with most of the contributors he has mobilized, Dr. Fromm holds, that the specifically socialist form of humanism was first propounded by Karl Marx. A discussion of these loosely formulated and controversial views might well occupy another symposium, equal in size to this one.

Be that as it may, the definition or reduction of socialism's "humanistic" content has occupied the attention of a formidable body of scholars in recent years. With the exception of Stalinism and the growing realization that "alliance" is, whether of the capitalist or communist variety, is no automatic answer to the problem of "alienation," the leftist ideologist has experienced a certain disorientation. This collection of writings records his tortured efforts to come to terms with mid-twentieth-century realities. As such it has much documentary value. In other respects it is rather depressing.

Many of the articles are by Polish and Czech Marxists. They provide welcome evidence of the revival of serious discussion about Marxism in Eastern Europe and of the new, if still limited, freedom of inquiry which intellectuals of the People's Democracies—thanks largely to their efforts—now enjoy. American readers perhaps more than British would be shown, by a volume such as this, that intellectuals in at least some of the communist countries are no longer the mere slaves of the latest official interpretation of the "principles of Marxism-Leninism" overthrown by the evidence of these countries' new thoughts. They are still of rather low intrinsic value, although they can now be more or less whatever they like of Marxism; they remain mentally conditioned and hence discredited by a creative thinkers' class. Indeed, something probably disturbing about the suppression of these highly educated and accomplished men and women attempting to discover new ideas about their own countries.

C. D. KERNIG (Editor): *Sowjetssystem und Demokratische Gesellschaft. Eine vergleichende Enzyklopädie. Band I: A-D. 1,275pp. Freiburg: Herder. DM 148.*

This massive volume of more than 1,250 large two-column pages is the first of a comparative encyclopedia on Western and Soviet social and political systems, which it is, intended also to publish in English. The chief editor, Dr. C. D. Kornig, has had a number of collaborators, mainly German and American, and each major subject covered has its German editor. The editor of a journal on international communism published under official auspices in Washington is named as American editor. The contributors to this first volume are drawn from several nationalities, mainly German, British and American. No scholar from the other side of the iron curtain appears in the list of contributors. The impossibility of such participation illustrates the cardinal difficulty of the undertaking. Any comparison between A and B, at anything but the most elementary level, has to be made in terms either of A or of B. Here, consciously or unconsciously, the comparison is necessarily made in terms of Western society.

This is not to deny the usefulness of the work. It is one of the con-

tributors to be fair and impartial. The greatest success is achieved in the least sensitive and controversial areas, e.g., Absolutism in the past or Foreign Trade in the present. Contributors sometimes differ in tone and approach. Most bibliographies are naturally stronger on the western than on the Soviet side; some are thorough and valuable; others tend to be overloaded with recent publications of only transient interest.

No clear policy can be detected for articles about individuals. Bukharin and Khrushchev (Chruschev) are covered in this volume; and articles are printed on Lenin, Trotsky and Stalin. But there is nothing in this volume on: Adenauer, Baldwin or Churchill, and no indication of future articles on Wilson, Lloyd George and Stresemann. Is this another one of the problems of comparability? In spite of defects and ambiguities, however, the volume is full of learning and should be a valuable work of reference for advanced students; it is to be hoped that its successors will follow with reasonable promptitude.

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American Letters

MR. WILSON'S DIARIES

EDMUND WILSON: *A Prelude*. Landscapes, Characters and Conversations from the Earlier Years of my Life. 278pp. W. H. Allen. 30s. *Europe Without Borders*. Sketches Among the Ruins of Italy, Greece and England, together with Notes from a European Diary, 1963-1964. 467pp. Rupert Hart-Davis. £2 5s.

DORIS GRUMBACH: *The Company She Kept*. Mary McCarthy: Herself and Her Writing. 218pp. Bodley Head. 30s.

At the age of seventy-two, Edmund Wilson must stand for us as very much the Grand Old Man of American letters. In a dense and substantial way he represents an American version of a figure we have always regarded as crucial—that kind of general intellectual who makes literature the centre of but not the whole of his humanism. In an age when criticism has become a kind of obnoxious theology, polymath knowledge grown rare, and humanism itself come to seem a very shaky property such figures have an increased importance—an importance that comes from the capacity to inform particular events and occasions, in which Mr. Wilson has always dealt, with humanist ideals and insights, so that mind becomes a species of action.

We call him a literary critic, but he ranges much more widely. His works range from such remarkable literary-critical studies as *Axel's Castle*, through expert analyses of American cultural and social temper, to drama, poetry and fiction like the still too little regarded novel *I Thought of Daisy*; and it is the way these interests consort and continue over a lifetime that makes him a representative and valuable case. Literature is, for him, continuous with life: he has said that he regards literature as "a history of man's ideas and imaginings in the setting of the conditions which have shaped them." His stories and poems arise out of specifics and are usually treated as such; they are, for instance, simply planted in the general text of the two books under review. His encounters with writers (as with Silone in person, and Lamppos through his writings, in *Europe Without Borders*) are very much of a piece with his total encounter with experience. And literary and scholarly matters in turn consort fairly directly with the vein of yearning socialism that runs through his writing, emerging in a repeated desire for democratic excellence, reformist history, American hope and positivism, of suspicion of the institutions of the past and the powers that oppress.

In all this we may see, as we may in George Orwell, a grand attempt to make a cultivated bourgeois inheritance into a means of valuing the modern and hoping for the future. This is notoriously tricky country, and there are times when Edmund Wilson seems to miss some of the resulting crises. There is a sense in which humanism, cultivation in his sense, already seems historically placed, and placed by the democratic developments which he values. Not to see this is to be blind to certain essential structures in modern society, and there are times when Edmund Wilson does seem blind in this way. In both these books, for instance, Mr. Wilson seems to seek to transcend the environments he finds about him with some dream of a better world; but the hope is vague and almost mystical. The contradictions are sometimes faced less than squarely, and one cannot help feeling that if they were faced the logical consequence would be a profound disillusion or a deeper suffering. Mr. Wilson's answer seems to be essentially a short-term one; his way is to achieve a series of temporary resolutions by insisting on the odd hope nature of his writings. They are jottings, fragments, reports, notes on the way; by this means he has sustained an unwearied and undisturbed curiosity about the modern world; yet they are, in a sense, his fragments torn against other people's ruins.

Now that his works are gradually being reprinted on both sides of the Atlantic in something like a uniform edition (even though in England they come from different publishers), the pattern and the adventure become more apparent. In addition, new works continue to appear, and it would seem of special significance that Mr. Wilson's newest writing is

the nearest thing he has come to autobiography even though, in an odd sense, autobiography is dramatically avoided by the pattern of presentation he chooses. *A Prelude* is the first of a projected live or six-volume version of his journals, materialized with a present-day commentary. We might have expected to have been given the personal and familiar core and the development of his view of the world; in fact the impact is interestingly, yet disappointingly, sketchy.

A Prelude consists of jottings, observations, ideas and pieces of creative writing done between 1908, when he was thirteen, and 1919, when he returned to postwar New York after service in France and is found realizing that "I could never go back to the habits and standards of even the most cultivated elements of the world in which I had lived". But this observation occurs in the commentary with which Mr. Wilson has filled out the journal and other period material, and the two voices divide oddly—the book's final gesture towards socialist feeling and recantation of the past comes more from the commentary than from the actual jottings. The mood of these mixes a Patrician aestheticism and intellectual avidity with an air of general griggishness and distance in personal relations—its in fact a body of patrician sentiment that only updates in feeling the inheritance that comes through from his background in the American gentry.

It is here, it would seem, that his humanism really starts. He accepts the achieved end of American Calvinism, the pressures of science and new thought and new writing; but otherwise there is an odd, if finally fortunate, lack of self-realization in relation to history. It is this that distinguishes these scraps of conversations, epigrams, moments of insight, poems, landscape sketches and memoirs from Fitzgerald's notes in *The Crack-Up*, to which otherwise they bear a close family for Princetonian resemblance. In two short stories—"The Death of a Soldier" and "Lieutenant Franklin"—the powers pass well beyond affectation or griggishness into creative shape; otherwise these dense recollections of a period and of that "brilliant" tone which these help to the patrician manage to continue at prep-school and Princeton, are given with only an occasional undercurrent of tension.

The same sort of need to scant an inheritance which considerably shaped him comes out in Mr. Wilson's notoriously ambiguous dealings with Europe, which he visits three times during *A Prelude* and twice in the new edition of *Europe Without Borders*. All the visits fall at strategic times. At the age of thirteen the young Wilson travelled through Italy, Germany and (briefly) England with his family, keeping the record in a glibly but highly able diary of "My Trip Abroad" to be presented to a close friend of his own age. *A Prelude* begins with this, notes a short trip taken to England in 1914 at the end of his sophomore year at Princeton, and closes with his return from Europe after serving there between 1917 and 1919 with the American forces, briefly in England, mostly in France. Here the record is his journal, a few poems, the two striking stories.

Then, in 1945, in the period of post-war collapse, he visited England, Italy and Greece, keeping his journal record in more finished form for the *New Yorker*; and in 1963-64 he visited Paris, Rome and Budapest (this last a particularly interesting episode) for the same magazine. The extended *Europe Without Borders* now carries both reports, and a new preface, in which Mr. Wilson points out the bad reception the book had on its first English publication in 1947, which he compares to the reception of Hawthorne's *Our Old Home*. The comparison in fact runs deeper. Like Hawthorne, he is

obsessed with the idea of Europe as a place of ruins, perhaps picturesque, quaint and civilized, but lacking in the prime reality conferred by the American present. The remains of the classical past irritate; but even more annoying are those remains of traditionalism, social egoism and social privilege that survive, particularly among the English, as forms of virtue. The mood is qualified in other ways, but in 1945 it emerges as a persistent mingling of resentment and even as a patronizing superiority. "My attention," he says, "is always on other things: on the phenomena of Anglo-Saxon, Germanic, Russian, Soviet civilization that is taking over the world"—on, in a sense, the communists or egalitarian democratic future. In one passage in the book he praises Malraux for "a seriousness, an untutored perspicacity, about the large problems of human destiny, which has become the rarest thing in the world." There can be no doubt he shares the virtue he praises, and yet one stumbles over the odd blindnesses, the momentary lack of search into new detail; acute analysis of cultural texture, as when he notes the ways in which Europeans condemn America while taking in the worst features of Americanization, or the deep dependence of English writers of the time on their public school—and appreciation of civilization and mind modulate into unexpected indignations; *Europe Without Borders* is a period report not only on lost hopes and possibilities but on a not totally worked out phase in his mental career.

One thing Edmund Wilson and Mary McCarthy have in common apart from having been married to each other this third marriage, her

second is this crucial instinct for creation through autobiography—Doris Grumbach's ominously titled book, devoted to Miss McCarthy's life and writings and the links between the two, is based on this way into her work. "In the case of Mary McCarthy," she writes, "there is only a faint line between what really happened to her, the people she knew and knows, including herself, and the characters in her fictions." The problems of the book, which is sparsely written and often critically sharp, is that it never fully succeeds in dramatizing the complex interactions that go into such a process; it is likely to end up as required reading for gossips.

The treatment of Edmund Wilson is a useful case in point; Miss Grumbach paraphrases Mary McCarthy's not irrelevant judgment that Mr. Wilson was dominating in his views, so that anything that came under his hand was shaped into an "authorized version"; she scrutinizes the laud marriage and reports the famous story of Mr. Wilson shutting his new wife into a room and making her write fiction; and traces some of the tracks between Mr. Wilson and various McCarthy characters, including Miles Murphy in *A Chronicle Life*. Yet it is not so much the shrew as the sharp analysis of the follies of married liberalism that interests us in Mary McCarthy; the best of her work, like the best of her former husband's, lies in perceiving and interpreting a culture, and it is this side of art that *The Company She Kept* fails to establish at proper depth.

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THE NEW LANGUAGE STUDIES

Literature

MORE HELLS THAN HEAVENS

LESLIE HANCOCK: *Word Index to James Joyce's Portrait of the Artist*. Illinois University Press, London: Fetter and Simons. £2 16s.

VIRGINIA MOSELEY: *Joyce and the Bible*. 180pp. Da Kalb: Northern Illinois University Press. \$6.50.

CIESTER G. ANDERSON: *James Joyce and his World*. 144pp. Thames and Hudson. 30s.

Readers of Joyce who become irritated by Stephen Dedalus's *fin de siècle* language will perhaps be surprised to find that the word *hell* occurs only twenty-two times in *A Portrait*. There is more than twice as much *hell* as *heaven*, which was to be expected: seventy-three to thirty-one. There are fifty-two *hells* and only eight *heavens*—another surprise. *God and Father* are in the same league—197 and 152—and they overwhelm *mother* (sixty-eight) and *Virgin* and *Mary* (twenty-four) between them. *Sin*, expectedly, does very well—ninety-six—but there are only seven *repentances* and sixteen *repents*. *Saint* stands between *God* and *father*—172—but *holy* is outclassed (fifty-seven), even when helped out with *hells* (twenty-two). *Saint* (thirty-three) easily beats *light* (seventeen), *instre* (three) and even *heaven* (thirteen), though *hear* and *heard* achieve 142 appearances between them. This is a fascinating game, and one could lose money heavily on bets. It has been made possible by the University of Miami Computing Center. The machine itself compiled the word-index in about three hours. The data processing took about 500 man hours, but, as Mr. Hancock points out, its skills have to be learnt first. Next time the job is done, a stenographer and a programmer will need "no more than one man-day of work".

The value of word indexes of this kind is self-evident. When *Ulysses* is fed into the computer, no critic will be able to say, as one did once: "It is remarkable that the name 'Ulysses' never occurs in the text of *Ulysses*." To gain some idea of the size of the vocabulary of the most word-obsessed author of the century is a reasonable end in itself. But one wonders at the value of counting the synecdochical—the colourless structural words like *a* and *it* and *his* and *the*.

Joyce, though, is the one author in whom synecdochical words tend to be exalted. The last word of the text

of *Finnegans Wake* is the (one cannot say it is the last word of the composition, since the composition is circular). Virginia Moseley might well have toyed with the semantic aura suggested by *theos*: "the" indubitably connotes God the Father; the eliminated or (bored) implies the Incarnation, inappropriate in the context of Anna Livia's flowing back to the potential bosom." She doesn't say that, but she might have done. Discussing *The Dead*, she makes the point *lily* reserve "for Gabriel three potatoes covered by a white napkin" for a specifically religious purpose, "white" and "three" being reminders of the white napkin of Christ's grave clothes and His three days of Burial, since part of the potato grows underground." And if Gabriel eats no sweet at the meal, that is because he is in Purgatory.

So many of the theological connotations imposed on Joyce have a measure of plausibility in them: a writer so soaked in the liturgy (the aim of her book is to show him writing wet) cannot easily divest key-words of the sacramental. And so Gabriel may profitably be taken as the mild archangel, in opposition to the fiercer Michael (Gretta's dead lover) who is also Furey. But Professor Moseley might have qualified a statement like "His whole name, Gabriel Conroy, implies he is a heavenly being of first rank and a king" with a reminder that Joyce took the whole name from a story by Bret Hartle—an intrinsic acknowledgment of the service that Hartle did him in suggesting the symbolism of snow.

For the most part, however, Professor Moseley does not have to work hard at disclosing the biblical elements in Joyce's books (not as hard, anyway, as Mrs. Adaline Glasheen must work to prove that *Finnegans Wake* is really about Shakespeare). The Old Testament is the common ground on which Bloom the Jew and Stephen the Jewish Jesuit can meet. The dream

of man's fall and resurrection may, in a far distant age, be admitted to the biblical Apocrypha. Enricker is Christ and his sons the two thieves; Anna Livia's letter is the *Tristram* page of the Book of Kells. There is room for a far bigger thesis than Professor Moseley gives us. One value of this book is, strangely, of the kind that the Miami computer might well provide: a breakdown of references to the Douay and King James translations. That Joyce was a Bible man we always knew; that he was almost a Bible-thumper is something we now learn. The municipal proscribers of the *Ulysses* film might profitably receive an advertisement of this book. Joyce as a holy man—like Lord Soper or the Maharishi: watch committees would certainly think again.

Professor Anderson's pictorial biography best discloses its charm when seen in the context of the Thames and Hudson companion volumes. Joyce joins Dickens, Hugo, Shakespeare, and Wilde as a subject for a popular picture-book. The text is a mere wrath when compared with Gorman and Elmann, but it has a few new points to make and it makes them piquantly. The pictures give us the photographs of Joyce, friends and family that we already know well, and there are Parnell cartoons not so well known. The Dublin scenes are pleasant, but the temptation to deal in charades is not easily resisted. Joyce wrote

Shite and colons! Do you think I'll print The name of the Wellington Monument, Sydney Parade and Sandymount tram, Dowd's cake-shop and Williams' Jam?

The illustrations at once, like a television documentary, flash out with Downes and Son and that dreary monolith that has not followed Nelson's Column. We are spared the other two Dublin properties and the two comestibles, but, we feel, only just.

RELUCTANT IDEOLOGIST?

DAVID L. SCHALK: *Roger Martin du Gard: The Novelist and History*. 257pp. Cornell University Press. London: Oxford University Press. £2 14s.

To readers quite unfamiliar with the work of Martin du Gard, Dr. Schalk's book can be recommended as a useful and informative introduction. It provides a very full synopsis of Martin du Gard's author novels together with a judicious selection of critical comments from the work of other scholars, all generously acknowledged in the footnotes. It also includes a comprehensive and up-to-date bibliography with particularly helpful sections on Martin du Gard's review articles and published correspondence.

The specialist reader, on the other hand, will find little in Dr. Schalk's book that has not already been more fully said by such critics as Clement Borge, Deak, Book or Victor Brombert. He is likely to be nonplussed more often by a not by Dr. Schalk's critical assertions of which the following is a typical example: "Jacques Thibault's suicide flight is the ultimate confrontation of the privileged hero with the realities of twentieth-century history, as the last nineteenth-century novel, and as the last possible of such acts." (In the light of this remark, one wonders whether Dr. Schalk has ever studied *La Condition humaine* or *L'Espoir*.)

This is a book, in fact, which quite signally fails to substantiate the claims made for it on the dust-jacket. This holds out the hope of a full analysis of the special problems of the historical novelist conducted at a sophisticated level by an American professor; what is, in fact, provided is a discussion as little as an average undergraduate essay and so superficial as to omit even a passing reference to Tolstoy. It purports to throw

fresh light on the dramatic change in Martin du Gard's literary plans in 1931 when, after being seriously injured in a car crash, he accepted his carefully elaborated plans of *Les Thibault* and painfully constructed an entirely new *dénoûment*; in two event Dr. Schalk propounds a hypothesis which is as tendentious as it is specious.

His "explanation" is that in the course of the 1920s Martin du Gard became "profoundly influenced by the momentous events of his time," that he thereby acquired an "historical consciousness" and that inner compulsion then drove him to integrate contemporary history into his fiction. To subscribe to such a theory is to assume that the years Martin du Gard spent studying historiography at l'Ecole des Chartes left no impression on his literary preoccupations, that the chief interest of *Jean Barois* is not the way it charts the intellectual cross-currents of its age but the private drama of Barois himself, and that, as Dr. Schalk maintains, "the integration of history and ideology into Martin du Gard's novels went against his most basic predispositions." All the evidence available seems to indicate quite a different conclusion—namely, that any of Martin du Gard's literary programmes which ignored the historical in him could never be satisfactorily carried through. This was as true of the decade before the First World War as of the decade after the Second.

Dr. Schalk's questionable critical assumptions rest on the statements Martin du Gard made about his literary motives earlier in the *Souvenirs autobiographiques*. Included as a preface to the *Pilade* edition of the *Œuvres complètes*, or in the letters

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CASSELL

Biography

THE METAMORPHOSES OF A MERLIN

SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER: *T. H. White*. 352pp. Cope and Chatto and Windus. £2 5s.

I somehow started writing a book. It is not a satire. . . . It seems impossible to determine whether it is for grown-ups or children. It is more or less a kind of wish-fulfillment of the things I should like to have happened to me when I was a boy.

In these words, from a letter to his former Cambridge tutor, T. H. White summed up both the weakness and the charm of *The Sword in the Stone* and the weakness and the consolations of his own character. For in many ways he resembled the Merlin of his story—deliberately unconventional, resourceful, full of out-of-the-way knowledge and always ready to turn his readers into a bird or a fish for the benefit of their education. It was his boast that he was good at anything he chose to tackle. He could shoot (with bow and arrow as well as with gun), fish, ride, swim, fly a falcon, sail a boat, pilot an aeroplane, drive a fast car, play darts, mix concrete and paint in oils. He seems to have been about equally proud of all these accomplishments. When he went to Cambridge, as he himself says, he "had to get a first-class honours with distinction"; when he taught at Stowe, he was obviously thoroughly effective; when he wrote, he wrote, at his best, with virtuosity and ease. "White collected techniques," says Miss Townsend Warner in her biography. "It was part of his theory about the Renaissance or polytechnic man who could shoot and get a bare in the morning, fell a tree in the afternoon and write a sonnet in the evening."

Yet behind all this bravura there was a sense of insecurity, even a repressed fear of failure. T. H. White was born in India, a child of a disastrous and unhappy marriage. "I am told," he says, "that my father and mother were to be found wrestling with a pistol, one on either side of my cot, each claiming that he or she was going to shoot the other

and himself or herself, but in any case beginning with me.

The story, in its odd way, may be yet another of his wish-fulfillments, for the reality was even more painful. When his parents separated he found himself in the charge of a mother who alternately wooed him to dole on her and repelled him with ridicule. "Anyway, she managed to blithely up my loving women," says White, and to take from him almost all hope of a lasting and satisfactory relationship with any human being at all.

It is not certain, from these pages, whether or not White practised the homosexuality which he frankly acknowledged just as he acknowledged the sadism which coloured his fantasies. What is certain is that his attitude to his own condition was essentially a moral one, though he liked to pretend that it was not. Even in his last years, when he was driven into near-hysterical misery for love of an adolescent boy, he was concerned, before all else, to make sure that the boy came to no harm.

In any case, on every score of his happiness, not my safety, the whole situation is an impossible one. All I can do is to behave like a gentleman. It has been his hideous fate to be born with an infinite capacity for love and joy with no hope of using them. The one living creature, in fact, he could have without reservation was his red setter bitch, and the real agony of mind that he went through when the dog died makes bearable what, in any other story, would have been an episode of appalling mawkishness.

In early manhood the self-pity, the bitterness, the bad temper, the drunkenness were, on the whole, kept under control, and White was able to hack his life into a kind of purpose. There were always salmon to be killed, ducks to be shot, hawks to be trained, new disciplines to be learnt, new fantasies to be invented

and written down. But in later years, when his physique and his imagination became a huge, lumbering, pathetic, run-down Silenus.

He was living, at that time, in Alderney in the Channel Islands, with more money, from the royalties on *Camelot*, than he knew what to do with. He opened his house to the deaf, dumb and blind; he made huge subscriptions to the N.S.P.C.C.;

he tortured himself with unattainable loves. All his life he had been the kind of writer described by his friends as "far more remarkable than anything he wrote"; now he became, as his biographer says, "remarkable for being remarkable". In 1963 he set off on the inevitable suicidal lecture tour of the United States, and died on board ship on the return journey.

Miss Townsend Warner has the

great advantage, for her present task of having not met White, so that the writer without the tension which almost always rose in his friendships. Her book is understanding, sympathetic, shrewd, stringent and extremely well managed. It seems ironically fitting that the hideous fate, which White thought was always against him, should have been in kind in the end in the choice of his biographer.

OH, THE UNWORTHY LORD!

HENRY BLYTH: *Old Q, The Rake of Piccadilly*. 238pp. Weldenfeld and Nicolson. £2 2s.

The world, no doubt, is fascinated by the extreme case. William Douglas, the fourth Duke of Queensberry, was an utterly self-centred materialist who, since he happened also to be highly sexual, became one of the most notorious fornicators of all time. He was very rich, as cunning as a monkey where his own interests were concerned, would be on anything if he thought the odds were in his favour, was not above cheating, and was—somewhat in the fastidious manner—no hero. He lived for eighty-five years without a thought for anyone but himself; never married and was probably never even in love; and he grievously upset Wordsworth by cutting down his Scottish forests ("Degenerate Douglas oh, the unworthy Lord").

The consequence of all this was that "Old Q" on his balcony in Piccadilly, looking down through his one good eye at the girls in the street below, became a legendary figure, and when he died some seventy letters from women offering their services were littered over his bed-covers.

Mr. Blyth, in an attempt to make a case for him, emphasizes that his appetites were normal and an im-

provement on those of his almost-contemporary, de Sade. He was like-wise fastidious in his behaviour, did not tell dirty stories, saw no need to talk like a bargee to establish his virility.

His life story necessarily involves the lives of others. His best friend was that curious mortal, George Selwyn, with his compulsive interest in executions, death and torture. His career also touched at various points those of John Wilkes, "Jemmy Twit-cher", Sandwith, and Sir Francis Dashwood of Medmenham. His one acknowledged natural child was the horrible Mie-Mie who became the third Marchioness of Hertford. All this, as far as it goes, is well related by Mr. Blyth, who has an easy and racy narrative style.

What, however, takes his book out of the general run of such productions intended for common circulation is the fact that in it appear the four-letter words which the new permissiveness now renders it possible to print.

The most striking consequence of this new freedom is that here, for the first time on record, is printed a summary and some of the verses of John Wilkes's notorious "Essay on

Women", which occasioned his outlawry. It is disappointingly school-boyish stuff, apparently only ninety-four lines in all, closely parodying Pope's "Essay on Man" and designed for the most part for the discomfiture of Bishop Warburton.

Though Mr. Blyth tells his story with the utmost assurance, he does not seem to have dug very deeply into his primary sources. The test case here is his account of Sir Francis Dashwood and the "monks" of Medmenham. He lists in his bibliography the book on Dashwood published this year by Miss Betty Kemp, but he does not seem to have read it, for what Miss Kemp says, in effect, is that almost all the goings-on alleged to have taken place at Medmenham were fictitious, political "smears" originated by Wilkes and Charles Churchill and based, above all, on the delinquent set forth at great length in Charles Johnson's novel *Chivalry*. Whether Miss Kemp or Mr. Blyth is right, Mr. Blyth's bland repetition of Miss Kemp's findings is somewhat excessive and lends weight to the view that his book is not so much straight (even if popular) biography as a jolly romp.

DEAR BOYS AND GALS

MARION COLE: *Foggy. The Life of Elsie Fogarty*. With a foreword by Sir Laurence Olivier. 229pp. Puffin. 2s. 6d.WILLIAM REDFIELD: *Letters from an Actor*. 243pp. Cassell. 30s.

English actors are now exported with the success of Scottish cattle or Irish horses. Our poets read aloud at the drop of a faculty hat, their recitals spread from the campus to the pub. It is good to be reminded that over fifty years ago Elsie Fogarty was campaigning for a National Theatre, prodding Stratford towards its present status, and bullying poets into festivals of the spoken word.

This extraordinary woman founded and dominated throughout her life The Central School of Speech Training and Dramatic Art. She was the fierce, affectionate and slightly batty great-aunt of the subsidized theatre we have today. She mothered dames with first-night nerves and knights who lost their voices. She found time to run courses for curates and start the first clinics for speech therapy. She would hurry from exhausting hours with a harlequin child to argue with Shaw about *Back to Methuselah*.

Marion Cole's book is more of a memorial service than a memoir. It is skilfully put together from an unfinished autobiography left by Miss Fogarty and a number of tributes from those who knew her. Showered with girlish exclamation marks and quotations from Binyon, Massfield, Flecker and Sassoon, it is as defiantly of its period as those gaslit rooms in the Albert Hall where the Central School began.

The perfect manners of subject and author make questions seem in bad taste. But Fogarty taught speech at Roedean for thirty years; she must really take some of the blame for that amplified drawl that once called "Boy!" in black and now rings across skid-slopes in a thousand inferior echoes of Dame Sybil Thorndike. She worked all her life to produce a standard voice; but did

she produce the right voice? She hated American speech. What would she have thought of the poetry reciting of Ginsberg? Or the voice of Orson Welles?

One omission tantalizes. The book credits her with much original research into Greek drama and dares. Did she never see Isadora Duncan? One would like to know her opinion of that other weighty lady. Both might have met their match on an evening in 1918 when Fogarty, typically, produced the first Japanese Nô play to be done in England. It was translated by Marie Stopes.

Mr. Redfield played Guildenstern in Sir John Gielgud's production of Richard III's *Hamlet* in New York. He heard the bar gossip and the dressing-room rumours; he smelt the fear. His accuracy is sometimes cruel. He shows us a Gielgud without make-up.

Whenever the spirit moves him, he leaps from his chair crying, "Nonono nonono, dear boy! Much faster!" and proceeds to get his ass off. His complexion reddens, his knuckles go white; he stands on pigeon's toes; he is tense, excited, stimulated—his brow shows deep creases as though he were in pain; tears appear in his eyes. Then like a thunderclap, the speech is over and his retorts stand about him silent and breathless. He brushes his eyes, turns away from us, and resumes his seat. Sometimes he says nothing more. Sometimes he blows his nose and murmurs, "Try it that way, dear boy."

We are shown the ponic that overcomes a cast when confidence is lost. We eavesdrop in the backstage corridors—and find our respect and sympathy increasingly turning to the man who sits alone in the empty stalls. Did Sir John know that one of his cast was tape-recording everything he said, and that he was to be sent him a bill.

Between these two books there is a melancholy contrast. From the first we remember a splendid old lady who said her prayers and lived alone and was given a C.B.E. and not much else. Just back from some out-of-town journey through a chess-bombing she would munch a cheese sandwich from her handbag and pour out eury as if the whole of Arts Council were under her thumb. In the second book we are flattered by being taken through the swap stories with the Burtons in the guarded suite; we are told what Elizabeth Taylor only drinks champagne and what Mrs. Redfield writes for the first night. The writing is glib and flashy as the world is glib and flashy.

One book holds the epilogue to the other. Here is Richard Burton, as reported by Mr. Redfield:

"I grew up on the verge of the melodramatic voice business. I was a fashionable actor. I think I was better than anyone alive, but it's a thing in the world to do it. I don't think audiences want that sort of business any more. Not from me, at any rate. They take it in Gielgud because he's an older stagehand. It's out for the rest of us."

Sir John was coached by Fogarty. He could never get to send him a bill.

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Travel and Exploration

TRAVELLER UNLIMITED

FRANCIS CHICHESTER: *Gipsy Moth Circles the World*. 269pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 35s.

To begin with a truism, Sir Francis Chichester is a most remarkable man. He is as quick to reef off sea miles as to reel off words to chronicle them. He managed to write nearly 1,000 words per sailing day of his voyage, and less than six months after stepping ashore at Plymouth he publishes a book describing his single-handed circumnavigation. It might have been a better one if he had given himself more time to decide for whom he was writing it, though there is no doubt that an enormous number of people, both those who know the difference between a trysail and a genny and those who don't, will at least try to read it. Too often he disappears from the tiling common reader in a cloud of yachting jargon at critical moments. It is nice to know in great detail what he took along to eat, but a glossary of technical terms to help in following what he did would have been more satisfying. However, he wrote his book—or got it written—as he apparently does everything else, to please himself. Those who search these often highly technical pages to discover what manner of man is behind them and why he did what he did may come away with a double image. They will find Francis Chichester Limited, the business man, and Francis Chichester Unlimited, the dreamer who would always go it alone.

There is too much displeasure in his opening chapters, even allowing for the grumpiness of an old man with a damaged leg who found financial and other difficulties piling up against his timetable. He blames the designer of Gipsy Moth IV for not giving him a more easily sailable boat. But in fact the scientific design of ocean-going yachts is still in its infancy. It is many times more difficult to design a Gipsy Moth IV than it was to design the Gipsy Moth aeroplane on which Sir Francis acquired his taste for breaking single-handed records, and this is simply because a yacht moves in response to two very complex systems of forces, wind and water, while an aeroplane has only air forces to contend with. To ask Gipsy Moth IV to sail easily through the Roaring Forties and the oceanic bottlenecks south of the Horn under one pair of hands was to make an almost impossible demand.

Sir Francis's central problem was that of sleep. His yacht had to keep sailing unattended through some hours of the night, and so his self-steering gear about whose shortcomings we hear so much (without being shown a sketch of how it was supposed to work) was a vital part of his equipment. At best it could only be a palliative; in fact it collapsed before Australia was reached, and only Sir Francis's genius for improvisation enabled him to rig up a

substitute allowing him to limp past the easy landfall of Melbourne to his chosen but much more difficult approach to Sydney.

At Sydney, sailors who had won past the embattled Horn in crewed ships tried to persuade the strained old man not to go on. He had just celebrated his sixty-fifth birthday sitting splendidly alone on a halcyon day in the Indian Ocean. He hardly heard them. He fixed his sailing date and with extraordinary recklessness kept it—in a hurricane waiting for him in the stormy approaches to the Tasman Sea. The almost expected happened. Two nights out Gipsy Moth IV, drifting under bare poles, capsized and righted herself. His cabin was a shambles of his carefully packed ores and gear, but his rigging and all but one sail were intact. Very well; he longed to put back to Sydney but he would not; he refused all help. He now had a crippling overload of do-it-yourself, but his only way to restore his confidence was to do it. It took him many days to make his yacht—and his own spirits—shipshape enough to face what the Horn might do to him. When he got there he took a calculated risk in sailing narrowly at night between two groups of off-shore islands.

If my navigation was all right, I should now be passing 18 miles south of the Ildefonso Islands, and in dawn I should be passing 12 miles north of the Diego Ramirez group. It was so dark that I did not think it worth keeping a watch.

MATING WITH DEATH

WILLIAM WILLIS: *The Hundred Lives of an Ancient Mariner*. An Autobiography. 190pp. Hutchinson. 30s.

Mr. Willis's remarkably healthy body (in 1919 it was runner-up to Charles Atlas's as the best developed on top in the United States) has in the course of seventy years taken a fearful beating from its directing mind. Mr. Willis has indeed borne 100 charmed lives, each with its climax of what for most of us would have been certain death. He courts danger like a fanatic lover pursuing an elusive sweetheart, his trailing dances become more and more fantastic until his latest antic—an attempt to cross the Atlantic in a craft not much bigger than Winkie's Blinkin' and Nod's wooden shoe.

Like the Ancient Mariner he has incredible tales to tell. But, though they are certainly true enough, we find ourselves, like the Wedding Guest, satiated with the heroic achievement and herculean labour of his self-imposed trials. His book, none

the less, is well worth reading for his recollections of his apprenticeship in the bizarre Henriette of Ill-repute. He sets them down with a descriptive power, with an instinct for significant detail and with an exultant resignation to hardship and danger that will earn his book a lodging on the library shelves of vicarious Cape-Horners. There follow some abridged and twice told tales of his adventures ashore and afloat. The last chapters tell of his challenge to the Atlantic that was almost an irreverent impertinence. Small wonder that the elements with a puff of impatience add a surging shrug of contempt throw him ashore again as unworthy of oceanic contemplation. We are left with the impression that this indomitable seaman will soon be mortifying his long-suffering flesh for the hundred-and-first time.

UPWARDS TO THE POLE

JOHN EDWARD WEEMS: *Peary: the Explorer and the Man*. 362pp. Eyre and Spottiswoode. £2 5s.

Peary was a man who could not bear to live in the shadow of those more eminent than himself. He was a climber who had to get to the top of whatever ladder he chose. He chose to make for the top of the earth, and is usually considered to have been the first to reach the North Pole in 1909. Such unkind gossip as sometimes leaves his own unpublished record, Peary was an indefatigable diarist, a hoarder of the words that he and everyone else wrote about himself and his career. The mass of papers thus accumulated were lashed up by his family after his death in 1920. This was bad for his previous biographers but good for Mr. Weems, who is the first to have free access to "62 large cartons of paper" and the devoted assistance of Peary's daughter.

The result is a friendly, wise, perceptive book that occasionally illuminates the Peary story without blurring the chill of its outline: changing the chill of what Peary could not have done what he did without an iron physical constitution, but Mr. Weems supplies clear evidence of equally tough mental power in a memorandum written to

1885 before his apprentice explorations of North Greenland. This gives a preview of the sort of strategy which alone could lead him through Smith Sound to the Pole. He would land a party with no more than two white companions; they would leave heavily on Eskimos, living off the food they would mix with Eskimo women; it would be a very long job.

The only way to be in the wall at some favourable point, Peary believed, was to come out seasonally on the verge of the unknown, and speed away to the Pole.

It was twenty-four years before this vision of a young naval engineer, who had already outgizzed the naval establishment by his arrogance and bitter self-confidence, was made to come true. On his way back from the Pole a confession he had made to his mother was of last fulfilled: "I don't want to live and die without accomplishing anything or without being known beyond a narrow circle of friends." I would like to acquire a name that would be an "open sesame" to circles of culture and refinement where a name that would make my

mother proud and which would make me feel I was the peer of anyone I might meet.

Now he could think of public recognition: . . . monument for museum? Faced with marble or granite, statue with dog on top, "I'll be in the room at base for two sarcophagi." Bronze figures, Eskimo dog, bear, musk ox, walrus, etc., etc. Or bronze table of legs on North Pole and suitable inscription. Bust?

These day-dreams faded when he reached civilization to find that the friendly, easy-going Frederick Cook had forestalled him with a prior claim. He knew that Cook was a fraud. But the great American public, whom he had often stooped to conquer, preferred Cook's word to that of a man who had raised himself a host of enemies. Peter Freuchen's cruel comment: "stabbed" home: "Cook is a liar and a gentleman; Peary is neither." The man who was never to endure two humiliating years of political manoeuvre before his claim, which had long been accepted by experts, was ratified by Congress.

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Latin American Studies

AT ONE REMOVE

JEAN FRANCO: *The Modern Culture of Latin America: Society and the Artist*. 339pp. Pail Mall Press. £2 5s.

There is no book in English which provides so expertly comprehensive a review of Latin American literature over the past 150 years as this one by Mrs. Franco. Mrs. Franco's reading is impressively extensive and she writes of her subject with great assurance, entering it from the new republics' first gestures towards cultural identity after independence to the present day, when Latin American literature flourishes all over the world if not in the United Kingdom.

Culturally, Latin America had little to offer in the nineteenth century, and the European ideas that did manage to filter through there involved the minute cultural elite in ardent controversies that are unlikely to stir the minds of many Europeans today. Mrs. Franco applies critical standards to this period which are perhaps too limited to its own context. It is surprising for instance that she can take the Nicaraguan "modernist" poet Rubén Darío so seriously. He was important for the Spanish language at the time because he was the first to imitate French symbolist poetry in it. But Mrs. Franco might have applied more rigorous, less uncompromising criticism in poetry that today seems unoriginal, imprecise and banal.

Part of the trouble with Mrs. Franco's book is that she covers so much ground that she has little time left for profound analysis. She reveals the plots of so many novels that it is hard to distinguish one from another, and certainly hard to discover which novels she thinks good and which bad. Borges only gets four pages, Carlos Fuentes scarcely two. Many lesser writers are luckier. Are we much the wiser for instance about Vicente Huidobro when we learn that he "wrote poetry that used daring typographical devices and had a free form"? Of too many writers we get to know nothing more than that they are gifted with, say, a "great sensitivity".

And yet Mrs. Franco does come up with many useful insights, and her classification of themes is always sound; race, nature, politics, cosmopolitanism, etc. She is excellent particularly on the "Latin American writer's difficult quest for some sort of identity distinct from his European heritage. This quest has been resolved

in many ways in Latin America, the most notable perhaps being many writers' identification with the Indian. Others have used their special position of being at one remove from Europe to good effect because they have been able to assimilate European culture eclectically without losing sight at the same time of their own peculiar natural surroundings. Thus Borges has poetically imbibed such English masters as Chesterton and Stevenson without forgetting that he is an Argentinian.

On politics Mrs. Franco is less assured not because she is not able skillfully to describe her writers' attitudes to it but rather because she is occasionally hazy about the political background itself. She is perhaps too ready to take the writers at their word, thus appearing to believe for instance that Gabriel González Videla was "dictator" of Chile in 1949. Miguel Angel Asturias, incidentally, is not exiled by his government in Buenos Aires nowadays, for he is Guatemalan ambassador in Paris.

Mrs. Franco could have said more about the theatre (there is no mention of Jorge Díaz or José Triana) and *Modern Culture of Latin America* is an ambitious title for a book that tells us very little indeed about painting (though it is good on the muralists there is virtually nothing about modern abstract art), nothing at all about music (what about Villa Lobos?), nothing about sculpture (what about Maria Colvin?), and virtually nothing about architecture, a field in which Latin America has made by far its most outstanding cultural contributions. Even in her chapters on the nineteenth century a description of those general, Parisian public buildings of Buenos Aires, for instance, would have been a help. Mrs. Franco mentions Sebastián Salazar Bondy's magnificent book *La mala literatura*, in which he analyses the social and economic assumptions behind Peruvian history largely from the point of view of the city's architecture. But she gives us no idea of what that scholar city actually looks like.

Yet despite these shortcomings *Modern Culture of Latin America* is the best comprehensive guide available at any rate to Latin American poetry and prose. It is certainly essential reading for anyone interested in, or studying the subject.

PRO-INDIAN PRIEST

MARCEL BATAILLON (assisted by Raymond Marcus): *Études sur Bartolomé de Las Casas*. 345pp. Paris: Centre de Recherches de l'Institut d'Études Hispaniques. Oxford: The Dolphin Book Company. £3 1/2.

In 1693 the closed world of Las Casas scholarship was violently agitated by a biography published in a popular series and written by the dozen of Spanish scholars. Don Ramón Menéndez Pidal, the protector of the Indians was presented as a pathological liar (the impossibility of his statistics of slaughtered Indians is obvious), as a self-important, ambitious left-winger who, compared with other missionary priests less fond of publicity, had little "real" contact with the Indians he sought to protect and no Christian feelings for his fellow Spaniards, colonizers of a vast area. The secret of Las Casas's "double" personality was the clinical paranoia of a man who found that his simple *life* (Indians equals good, Spanish *encomenderos* equals evil) was not accepted by others as a revealed truth.

Detailed criticism followed—particularly from Lewis Hanke, main defender of the Spanish struggle for justice of which Las Casas was so major a part, and from Manuel Giménez Fernández, M. Bataillon now publishes a collection of essays on Las Casas, most of them written in the pre-Pidal era; in the preface Bataillon reveals his obvious distress that his own work should have served as ammunition in the Pidal offensive. Of all the controversialists Bataillon is the most moderate because he is one of the most scholarly.

He is not blind to Las Casas's defects, and emphasizes his political opportunism in his search for allies: plans must be modified to collect support. The first essay on the early career of Las Casas before he entered the Dominican order "Le clérigo Casas" shows him as more the practical man and less the ideologue than is traditionally supposed. When there is little possibility of support for his plan for "communal" Indian settlements he changes over to a seemingly contradictory scheme for mixed Indian and Spanish villages. How far any of his schemes were practicable is another question; the verisimilitude of the *hormone* *arbitrario* or the concoction of projects. His schemes took little account either of the potentialities

of the "gentle" Indians or of the motives which made Spaniards face the enormous perils of colonizing a great continent.

The most controversial essay of the collection is Bataillon's criticism of Remesal's account (written in 1619) of the evangelization of a territory in Guatemala called by its evangelizers Vera Paz—"True Peace" as opposed to the peace of the desert created by the avaricious and blood-thirsty *conquistadores*. One of the set pieces of Las Casas literature, it set out to prove the possibility of peaceful conversion. Remesal's *Historia* is shown up as a skillful Dominican hagiography: the touches of realistic detail conceal the presentation of a cautious and slow attempt at peaceful penetration as a miraculous and instantaneous conversion of warlike tribes by songs and music, with triumphal arches created by grateful converts. Alas, the dates are wrong. The hero of the expedition, the martyr Luis Cáncer, was not a member of it: the chieftain "Don Juana" could not have exchanged hats with a Spanish official who was absent at the time. All this demythologizing is not meant to diminish the significance of Las Casas's insistence on peaceful conversion, nor (to the disgust of the robbers) his hatred of Las Casas's public campaigns against planter oppression was as unbounded as it was understandable) the effects of his persistence on Spanish authorities.

The same calm expertise is displayed in the dissection of another central document in the Las Casas controversy: the *Parecer de Yucay*. The *Parecer* claimed that Las Casas, inspired by the devil, attacked the King of Spain's sovereignty in Peru to such effect that, but for the intervention of the judicious Vitoria, the monarch might have abandoned Peru. Substitute paranoia for the devil and you have the thesis of Menéndez Pidal.

Bataillon first proves the authorship of the *Parecer* and then exposes its bias. Las Casas never contested the King's sovereignty, though he did see him as a "king over lesser (native) kings". From first to last he wished to exempt the Indians from the clutches of the *encomenderos*—

Spanish settlers who "entrusted" Indians to work their estates. One of the most striking virtues was to insist on Las Casas's almost pathological hatred of the *encomienda* solution was to subject them to the direct authority of the crown. He was, after all, engaged in a campaign to win the support of the Spanish court for the Indian cause and was out to show that humanitarian plans for the amelioration of the Indian condition would also bring in cash to the infidel in Europe.

It has been part of the Las Casas controversy to overestimate grossly his influence, turning him into a moral dictator. Bataillon sees him at work, ceaselessly it is true, but without any more power than would be granted in court and government circles to a local expert in colonial affairs, persistent and troublesome but a man whose efforts inspired respect.

Of all the scholars who have tackled the case of Las Casas, Bataillon is the least prone to be carried away from scholarship to polemics by the immensity of the problem which lies behind the controversy. Las Casas was engaged in the first large-scale contact of western civilization with what was to be later known as the underdeveloped world. The theological debate concerned what was the proper relation between Europeans and the "inferior" races.

Like many of his successors, Las Casas idealized the natives and abused the *colonos*. He was totally convinced of his own rectitude to the point of injustice to others' convictions, and more excusably, to the total neglect of their interests.

To Spanish nationalists he represents anti-Spain. Main architect of the Black Legend, he supplied generations of Protestants with the materials which enabled them to denigrate Spain's greatest achievement—the civilization of Latin America. He was probably a less than perfect man to deal with; but, then, so were most of his opponents. For the author of the *Parecer de Yucay* American gold was a dowry which endowed the *conquistadores* for their pains in evangelizing the ugly sisters of the western world: the dirty Indians.

URUGUAY'S MAN OF LETTERS

JOSÉ ENRIQUE RODÓ: *Ariel*. Edited by Gordon Brotherston. 106pp. Cambridge University Press. 2s.

The works of the Uruguayan thinker José Enrique Rodó, were once better known outside Latin America. Anselmo Bevan and Havelock Ellis were among those who spoke warmly of them. But soon after his death in 1917, his reputation began to shrink. Not surprisingly, his outlook was that of the nineteenth-century "men of letters", and like them he pronounced freely on matters which have since become the province of the specialized disciplines of psychology, sociology, and economics. The modern reader has come to expect something more than lofty generalizations when the subject is the human personality or social motivation, and has thus been excluded from the Rodó canon. His *Modernism* (1909) dates with self-respect, but is pre-Freudian. *Ariel* (1900), the essay which gave him an international reputation, is an inspirational, rhetorical work designed to give Latin Americans a sense of identity and purpose at a time when the defeat of Spain by the United States had decisively shifted the balance of power in the hemisphere. This political and economic problem he repeats to make it a moral and educational problem.

He wished to see a Latin American society which would reconcile democracy with an aristocracy of the intellect, and material progress with spiritual fulfillment. He regarded the United States as a dangerous example of "progress" and "civilization" achieved at the expense of intellectual and cultural, and moral standards. His *Ariel* is a warning to his fellow Latin Americans to

social motivation or analysing North American civilization, he keeps his feet firmly in the clouds. The examples he cites, whether admulatory or exemplary, are usually from literary sources, never from experience. These serious objections do not detract from *Ariel*'s importance as an historical document. It created a myth whose influence has been incalculable on generations of Latin Americans and is indispensable for understanding the cultural climate of the first two decades of this century.

This new edition is clear, well-presented and scholarly. It includes hitherto unexplored material from the Rodó archives and the editor, in his introduction, gives a succinct account of the relationship between Rodó's thought and that of Renán, Posada, and other nineteenth-century thinkers. But his plea on behalf of Rodó and his critique of the "impotence" of other critics is not backed by any convincing evidence to prove that this is more than a good edition of a mediocre work.

CUTTING THE LINKS

MEXICO AND THE SPANISH CORTES, 1810-1822. Edited with an introduction by Nadie Lee Benson. 245pp. Published for the Institute of Latin American Studies by the University of Texas Press. 37s. 6d.

None of the standard works on Mexican history gives proper weight to the meetings of the Spanish Cortes between 1810 and 1822 and again between 1820 and 1822, in which elected Mexican representatives participated and at which ideas of great importance to Mexico's future as an independent nation were discussed, defined, and to some extent put into effect.

The overthrow of the old Spanish monarchy by Napoleon led to the convening of a Cortes, or Parliament, whose task was essentially to reorganize Spanish society as home and overseas. The result was a Constitutional monarchy which lasted until 1808, when Napoleon's army invaded Spain, and the Cortes fled to the Americas.

On November 2 we published a letter to the editor from Mrs. Alison Waley, the widow of Arthur Waley, in which she described how, in May, 1963, a vast amount of Waley's papers—manuscripts, journals, diaries, notebooks, photographs, etc.—were returned from 22 Great James Street, London, to the Bodleian Library. The material, which had been in the possession of Arthur Waley and Beryl de Zoete, has recently acquired a collection of books and papers formerly belonging to Arthur Waley and Beryl de Zoete. The material, which had been in the possession of Arthur Waley and Beryl de Zoete, has recently acquired a collection of books and papers formerly belonging to Arthur Waley and Beryl de Zoete.

It is in no sense an organized collection, but rather an accumulated mass of papers. It includes writings by Waley on Japanese and Chinese studies, on history, art, anthropology, ballet and skiing, notebooks, letters from the Sitwells, Mary McCarthy, Bernard Berenson and many others, as well as some 3,000 books, more than a third of them inherited to Waley or Beryl de Zoete or with their annotations. There are also manuscripts of books and articles, unpublished works and much more.

Readers may have seen references to Mr. Giles Gordon's recent article on the Arts Council Literature Panel, which he leaves this month. Though he takes pains to dissociate himself

from other criticisms of that institution, Mr. Gordon appears to be at one with us in feeling that state subsidy for literature is impossible without a policy, and that at present such a policy is lacking. Indeed he goes even further by suggesting that the panel "should advise the Arts Council to stop paying money to individuals". This comes as a particularly desolate confession from one who, only a year ago, wrote to this paper testifying that "During my period of life on the panel, if one highly benefits from my being there, and who I believe will thus be able to go on writing in the way he wants to write, I shall have felt my time well spent".

Mr. Gordon doesn't claim to be able to put forward a policy himself, but he thinks something should be done to stimulate bookshops, and that teachers and children need to be indoctrinated "with the idea that reading books and possessing them oneself is a worthy pursuit". These too were points in the proposal for the establishment of local "books councils" which we made a year ago as an alternative to what Mr. Gordon calls "a snobbish extension of the role".

One measure that, it seems, particularly pleased Mr. Gordon was the Council's lavish subsidy to the *Louisa Magazine*, which he criticizes

COMMENTARY

FIFTY-YEAR RULE

Extracts from reviews published anonymously in the TLS on December 6, 1917

city all ablaze with lamps which suddenly dies into utter darkness at the fear of his approach; and then he spies the furnace he has come to wreck, and among the blinding searchlights, outlining every wire of his machine, drops his bombs—"such fearful death with such great ease". But though so glad in hurry back to the friendly West and home, he is pursued by remorseful thoughts of those whose dead he has killed "like a thief" in the night. In another poem he paints the horrors of flying. It is a snowy, stormy day, but he has set himself the task of flying a certain height; and he brings very near to his the terrors of an imaginative nature in "his box of wood and steel" playing "in pitch-and-toss with Death", while the winds rock and buffet him from side to side, and then the delicious peace as he gently flows down, his task performed. He will not gaze over the terrors of his calling, though he can hymn an delightedly the Joys of Flying—"Now know I why the skylark sings"—even allowing himself a certain scorn of the anti-life merriments on the ground—and rejoice in the original selection and remote purity of the skies through which he floats on the dawn patrol.

It is this last kind of motion, the sense of being drawn up out of humanity to a more ecstatic life, which pervades Mrs. Tatham's poem. Its theme is the experience of an air-

man "who fails to return". He mounts "on a gay summer morning in rapturous flight", and tumbles out in thoughts and fancies and feelings. I will tell what I see of the air that is new to me, who see from new heights. He tells of the clouds of glory; of the birds which will not come near or alight on his "travelling ship"; of the loneliness, missing the sense of the earth, "the companionship of the seasons, the company of months" in the air, where there is no fall of the leaf; he longs for the familiar sights of autumn, the smarting smoke from the fires of leaves; and that brings the realization of what "home" means now—no longer the house and garden, the lamp-shine on the floor, the mother "all in all, the light in the house", who bade him farewell in that fateful month of August, but England, in whose cause he went out gladly. Then comes a gayer passage in which he imagines the clouds at play with him in the rosy dawn, beautiful changeable companions, until he looks down and sees fragments of earth through the magic fog, and suddenly remembers the leveler Death. The mood changes, and the airman's thoughts fall into despondency, and he thinks of the mother "with waiting eyes", and of his childhood and its training. It is

a strongly religious nature which here discloses its mystical fervour, coloured afresh by the vast loneliness of the air and the "rainbowed arches of Heaven". Suddenly he braces himself for action as the sounds of battle come near: "there are others near in the air, not all are my friends. . . . The tips of the trembling planes are listening ears", and then "What have you done to me, flying brother bee?" He is hit, but urges his ship higher into the clouds—"poor bird, I hate you in simble and fall. . . . We have both loved flight together. . . . So among the "unsouling elements", in flight to "the fiery sun, to the primal skies, to the Throne of the Highest", comes death and initiation. It is a very personal voice which speaks in this poem, with a freshness not only due to the new vision of life in the air. After the glut of journalists' sensations which the war gives us, it is good to return to poetic emotion; and here we can feel ourselves transported to this world of strange experience, with its terrors, its ecstasies, and its illumination. (LAURENCE BINYON.)

The Airman was published by Milford at 8d.; *The Dawn Patrol* by Erskine Macdonald at 1s.

UNINVOLVED

JOHN LINCOLN: *One Man's Mexico*. 238pp. The Bodley Head. 30s.

Of all countries Mexico has perhaps the strongest effect on the imagination. The best books about it tell more about their authors than the country. Thus Ernest Hemingway and Graham Greene are unlikely to get far without good luck and some at least of the author's vision. This is not to say that such Mexicans do not exist. They do. But each man has his own Mexico, and the greater his imagination, the odder, more interesting and individual it will be.

One Man's Mexico is a correctly entitled record of travels and impressions, ingeniously every part of the country. They are set in perspective by an introduction which, if it contains one or two curious historical judgments, well surveys the mood of modern Mexicans towards foreigners and their own past. This perspective is Mexican life, followed by Mr. Lincoln's account of the tropical decay of the Pacific coast, visited the mountain villages of the high plateau, got locked up—arguably, it seems, for the hell of it—in Mexico City, ventured along jungle paths in search of birds or Maya ruins, tried the two natural varieties of balluqueno drug, and spent half a night with a hemiprodic after a disappointing encounter with the Seri Indians (once renowned for their ferocity and dress of peacock feathers but now near a dilapidated end).

Some of these probes are better described than others. Conversations in a Toluca village about the electricity supply, the naughty thrills of gaol and violence, and drinking it out in Mérida or elsewhere tend to linger on and fall into too recognizable a category. But the accounts of travel along the coast or in the jungle are brilliantly done, and recreate with charm and skill the special quality both of the Mexicans themselves—their humour, sick or otherwise, their sympathy, incoherence, affection and individuality—and of the extraordinarily contrasted country in which they live. The beauty, vitality, yet indifference of the landscape have seldom been better evoked. Those who have had similar experiences will remember things they had forgotten or were never fully aware of; and those to whom all this is new will enter an unfamiliar but authentic world.

Mr. Lincoln's vision is sharp, almost too sharp. He relishes the maudlin and throws away too many lines to impress. He is always an observer, never a participant. He is here and there, the rest is there, alive but across a gulf. It is as if those hallucinogenic mushrooms had, while rapturing his perceptions, left him somehow and painfully alone. He has nevertheless made an excellent book of it, and his Mexico will find a worthy place in the succession

of the standard works on Mexican history gives proper weight to the meetings of the Spanish Cortes between 1810 and 1822 and again between 1820 and 1822, in which elected Mexican representatives participated and at which ideas of great importance to Mexico's future as an independent nation were discussed, defined, and to some extent put into effect.

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THE AIRMAN. By C. M. TATHAM.

THE DAWN PATROL. By PAUL BEWSEHER, R.N.A.S.

Every airman, one thinks, must become a poet in some degree, whether he have the gift of verse or not; for he "lives dangerously" a life of wonder, among the great elements, in a world of exaltation. The fable of Icarus is come true. Shelleyan vision of cloud and light and duelling winds are the airman's daily scene. What new, exhilarating quickening of existence may not inspire the coming generation when it is free at any time to leave this steady unending "land" and sail not the ocean only, but the winds! Meanwhile, those who follow the air have other things besides the joy of flight to think of; they have to be infinitely wary and watchful for enemies, both in the clouds and on the earth. But the constant danger and the ever-present danger make poignant all the more their human content. We read in the newspapers of daily and doing miraculous deeds of daring; but do we ever try to imagine what each of those winged things carries with it, what spiritual pains, what sky-borne humiliations, isolated in the vastness of the sky, how they bring it home to us. The life, they tell of it so much, poetry in itself that we find

LAND LISTER. By SIR RICKMAN JOHN GODLEE.

A famous surgeon of the Victorian age, said that the great thing, in attendance on a Royal patient, was never to be in the way and never to be out of the way. Likewise the surgeon, in attendance on a life of importance, must neither so forget himself that he cannot find his way to his patients, nor so always coming across him, that he is always to his readers, his fact or self-interest, his admiration for the full, authoritative, and final history of Lister's life and work as it ought to be written, with careful and true insight. He is the first man who could have done it. He is the first man who could have done it. He is the first man who could have done it. He is the first man who could have done it.

Lister's life-work is a signal instance of what every doctor knows—that the science and art of medicine and surgery owe more to peace than to war. It is true that Ambrose Paré—his "Journées in Diverse Places"—makes life reading nowadays—was an Army surgeon at the wars when he discovered the use of the ligature in amputations, and the worst, without uselessness of boiling water as a first dressing for gunshot wounds; but that was nearly four centuries ago. The Thirty Years' War, the Napoleonic Wars, the American Civil War, brought no medical or surgical discovery of the first magnitude. The Crimean War brought Sir Nightingale; but she was not a discoverer, she was a revealer. The South African War did not discover the protective treatment against typhoid; the present war did not discover the protective treatment against tetanus. Ten days ago the papers announced the discovery of a cure for diphtheria; but this was a cure for diphtheria; but this was a cure for diphtheria; but this was a cure for diphtheria.

but from the Rockefeller Institute. Anesthetics, diphtheria antitoxin, salvarsan, the protective treatment against rabies, the localization of the functions of the brain, the transmission of plague by rat-fleas, of malaria and yellow fever by mosquitoes—these discoveries, which are indeed of the first magnitude, came, not by war, but from laboratories, and from the undisturbed observation of little groups of selected cases. War guides physicians and surgeons on active service to invent new antiseptics, rather opportunistic things, perhaps, of them—new technicalities of operating, new devices and ingenious new appliances; and war unleashes new diseases to be made out of the laboratory, trench-fever, gas-gangrene—just as the making of the St. Gotthard Tunnel unearthed miners' diseases of the first magnitude; but war does not make discoveries, it does not make them. We look for them, not in the colossal over-kill of military surgery, but in leisurely hospital studies at home, and above all in quiet

laboratories—the Pasteur, Rockefeller, and Lister Institutes, and similar places—where the young men can be masters of their own time and their own theories. To this fact Lister bears witness; every page of the book deepens our sense of his quietness. Of course, it was something more than a mere habit of guarding himself against interruption of his work—as a boy learning his lessons, puts his hands over his ears. It was quietness of the spirit; he had been, in boyhood and early manhood, a member of the Society of Friends; and when he departed from them, he still guided himself by what they had done for him. Best of all, his peace of mind inspired him. Of his father and his mother—whom Sir Rickman Godlee describes so well that one almost seems to have known them—it is enough here to say that he was deserving of them, and they of him. Love of science, faith, love of duty, self-restraint, all these and more he learned from his home life, and never let go of them. (STEPHEN PAGET.)

Published by Macmillan at 18s.

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A PUBLISHER AND HIS AUTHORS

SIMON NOWELL-SMITH (Editor): *Letters to Macmillan*. 384pp. Macmillan. £2 15s.

The title of this notice follows Mr. Nowell-Smith's use of the singular not just out of politeness but to emphasize the cumulative impression of continuity and consistency of policy and temper, during a century's operation of a single publishing house, which emerges from this selection of letters addressed to successive members of the Macmillan family. This is not the mere continuity of blood and name; though that in itself is something which only a handful of London publishers—Longman and Murray go back much further—can claim in this age of mergers and absorptions. It is the consistency, seemingly ingrained in all these descendants of Daniel and Alexander, "Scots of humble origin and little formal education" who came south in 1843 to set up as publishers in Cambridge and London, of their attitude towards their authors, their customers, the booksellers and the libraries, and the reading public whom they served: probity, stability, dignity, responsibility, industry, consideration, courtesy and good humour (if not, always, humour). Yet if the Macmillans have pre-eminently justified the notion of publishing as "an occupation for gentlemen", these letters, which include a judicious number written by members of the family, whether to authors or to each other, show very clearly that this stately carriage has always been very firmly muscled with Scottish caution in editorial and cannyness in financial policies.

The Macmillan imprint has generally stood *Forever Amber* notwithstanding for sobriety rather than for imagination or adventure. There would have been no room in St. Martin's Street for John Lane or William Heinemann or Fisher Unwin, let alone for Grant Richards; nor, to name three later publishers of high creative talent, would Charles Prentice or Charles Evans or Mr. Martin

Secker have been at home there. The two sides of the medal were neatly engraved by H. C. Wells (this is a fascinating correspondence) writing in 1907, two years after *Kipps* and two years before *Time-Bugazy*:

I like your firm in very many ways. I don't think you advertise well (this was, of course, a constant complaint, from R. D. Blackmore to Edith Sitwell), and I think you're out of touch with the contemporary movement in literature. I don't think you have any idea what could be done for me (but that you will, of course, ascribe to the Vanity of Authors). But on the other hand you are solid and sound and sane.

In the following year Frederick Macmillan declined *Ann Veronica* as intolerably sexy, or, to use his own words, "certainly not edifying"; yet he warmly admired Wells as a writer, and by 1912 he so far recognized the wind of change as to write to his brother Maurice:

I should certainly like to see the MS. of Wells's novel, and I hope we may not be obliged to refuse it. I don't want to publish indecent books, but if we are to deal in literature at all it will not do for us to be bound by the prejudices of the Ray Mr. Bull and St. Louis Strachey (who had called *Ann Veronica* "morally noxious").

In the event Macmillan did publish *The Passionate Friends*; but until fairly recently they were usually bap- tized with what are called "general" books than with fiction, despite the Kingsleys, Henry James, Maurice Hewitt, Kipling, Hugh Walpole, and Charles Morgan, the last of whom after twenty years with the firm wrote that the receipt of encouraging letters from the two then reigning brothers "gives me the sense of continuity that is the greatest gift of a publisher to an author—anyhow in an author made as I am; and I shall always gratefully remember it".

Among the other stars of Macmillan's first century were Matthew Arnold, Gladstone and Tennyson (whom they took on fully established), T. H. Hulley and J. G. Frazer (more than a thousand letters), Lewis Carroll, Thomas Hardy and W. B. Yeats. Yet if half a dozen publishers agreed with them in rejecting Bernard Shaw's novels in the 1880s (his letter of 1943 commenting on Charles Morgan's century history of the firm is one of the best of the many good things in this book); if they need not regret refusing Baroness Orczy and Ethel M. Dell; if one of their readers could opine in the mid-1890s (fortunately not fatally) that Yeats's fount of poetry seemed to have dried up for good; if James Joyce, whose *Dubliners* they declined in 1913, would have been an even worse headache to the men of St. Martin's Street than he was to all his publishers; nevertheless Macmillan did score one conspicuous pair-of-ducks in one.

It is *Shropshire Laid* that they declined *A Shropshire Laid* in 1895; but Mr. Nowell-Smith's selection controversially discloses, what even Mr. Gow never told us, that ten years earlier they had declined Housman's proposal for an edition of *Propertius*, and thirty years later (from the Kennedy Professor of Latin in the University of Cambridge, with the magisterial Manilius and Juvenal already behind him) were to decline his offer of the new standard edition of Lucretius. It is fair to add that Macmillan disliked publishing "on commission", which was Housman's preference; that the 1885 letter, coming out of the blue from a Patent Office Clerk of twenty-six (whose only academic qualification was a failure in Greats), began "Gentlemen, I propose that you should, if you think fit, publish my recension of the text of *Propertius*"; and that the 1924 letter, quoted Charles Whibley's assurance, apropos the earlier refusal, that "you are now less haughty"—an adjective, wrote Sir Frederick, trying in vain to make an ands two years later, "that seemed them, as if still does, singularly inappropriate".

Authors, by and large, are a crochety lot. Macmillan have had their fair share, and it must be admitted that the results make some of the liveliest reading here. Yet if the present chairman's asseveration, set as an epigraph on the title-page, that "Our guiding principle... is that publishers exist to satisfy their

author's wish" is not taken with a small pinch of irreverently Dorset salt, it becomes increasingly apparent, as one browses back and forth after the first reading of this book, that the Macmillans, man and boy, and such valued adjuncts as Thomas Mark and Mr. Lovat Dickson, have developed over the decades a good understanding of the proportions of firmness and conciliation necessary in handling the more unreasonable, and of the delicate balance between generosity to an esteemed but unremunerative author, like Henry James, and a proper attention to the balance-sheet.

The editor made his selection of letters, from and to eighty-four poets, novelists, historians, economists and others, from about half a million surviving in the Macmillan archives. It must have been a daunting mountain of paper; and although a surprisingly large proportion of the 130,000 or so copyletters of Macmillan replies (bound in 400 quarto volumes) are still readily legible, the number that are difficult to decipher is still considerable—the typewriter began to supersede manuscript in St. Martin's Street only at the turn of the century—and the reproduction of one of Charles Kingsley's letters, heavily cross-written as was the paper-parasitism habit of the time, gives some faint idea of the labour of mere transcription. Mr. Nowell-Smith is, of course, a disciplined bibliographer as well as a man of letters especially at home among the Victorians. He had served his apprenticeship in publishing history with *The House of Cavell* (1958). It was thus to be expected that this in some ways more difficult assignment would be capably executed. It is, in the event, much more than capably executed: it is a most accomplished exercise in selection, arrangement and editing; and when Mr. Nowell-Smith says "Out of this mountain, a mouse", his readers will find themselves disposed to take this at the foot of the letter only. For in less than 400 pages, distilled from something over a million, he has successfully illustrated almost every facet of the author-publisher relationship. As the jacket says, accurately for a change, "publishers' practices, authors' vanities, problems of royalties and copyright and advertising, public and private controversy, the changing face of Grundyism... these are among the subjects canvassed in a scrapbook which is fully as illuminating as any formal history of a publishing house could be". Since the last sentence exhibits a modesty even rarer among blurb-writers than accuracy, let one appreciative reader offer an emendation: for "fully as... as" read "more fully... than". Macmillan and their authors deserved a first-rate book and, with its excellent introduction and annotation, they have got one.

If the layman can enjoy these always readable pages without reaching for his pencil, the specialist will find plenty of information as well as entertainment. Messrs. Slocum and Cahoon, for example, as bibliographers of James Joyce, will note that whether before or after Elkin Mathews's second rejection of *Dubliners* in 1913 but certainly before Joyce's second offer of it to Grant Richards on November 23 of that year, he had submitted it unsuccessfully to Macmillan on July 13, with the promise of what he thought to be the only surviving example of Manilius's 1910 printing as "copy". Macmillan's comment to D. G. Rossetti (his sister Christina was in 1864 to persuade the firm to publish *first Chastelard*, and subsequently what two years later became *Poems and Ballads*): "I wanted very much to have read Swinburne's poem again carefully and, if possible, aloud to my wife and sister-in-law. I especially thought it a work of genius, but some parts it were very queer very." No find Walter Pater pleading in 1872 for a label for his then forthcoming *Studies in the History of the Renaissance* (archaism, James Joyce and Alexander

Letters to the Editor (continued)

HISTORIAN OF CRISIS

Mr. E. H. Carr's *History of the Soviet Union* is a masterpiece of scholarship and insight. It is a book that should be read by all who are interested in the history of the world. Carr's analysis of the Soviet Union is both thorough and balanced. He shows how the Soviet Union has evolved from a small, backward country into a great power. He also shows how the Soviet Union has been a source of both hope and fear for the rest of the world. Carr's book is a masterpiece of scholarship and insight. It is a book that should be read by all who are interested in the history of the world.

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ILLUMINATIONS

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HOW NOT TO DO IT

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MEDICAL CATALOGUE

RICHARD J. DURLING (Compiler): *A Catalogue of Sixteenth Century Printed Books in the National Library of Medicine*. 698pp. Bethesda, Maryland: National Library of Medicine. \$5.25.

The National Library of Medicine at Washington has long been famous for its collection of early medical books, but its wealth could not be properly assessed from piecemeal search in the fifty-eight volumes of the old Index-Catalogue. Seventeen years ago the library's consultants sponsored a catalogue of its incunabula, now followed by this admirable sixteenth-century catalogue which records more than 4,800 books. It is published officially by the National Library by the Government Printer, well, though rather plainly, produced and remarkably cheap.

Dr. Schullap's incunabula catalogue used a short-title entry keyed to the standard reference lists with full notes on the idiosyncrasies of the copies in hand. Mr. Richard Durling, the British scholar who has compiled the present catalogue, provides full title entries and reduces his notes to the essential minimum. Although he modestly calls it a "finding list", it is in fact a substantive catalogue with detailed imprints and summary collations, which does, as he points out, complement the Wellesley Historical Medical Library's recent catalogue of pre-1641 imprints. He recalls that the collection has been formed through 100 years, and one may wish that he had recorded its main sources and told whether the ambitious *Bibliography of Sixteenth Century Medicine* by his predecessor, the late Claudius Mayer, ever advanced beyond the specimen pages printed just before the war.

The preface to the incunabula catalogue made a somewhat defensive, completely, the content of the series of "general" box-files was often heterogeneous. As the editor observed, "A busy publishing house, concentrating upon the present and the future, is ill-equipped to satisfy the demands of scholars whose concern is with the past." Mr. John Murray must sometimes ruefully admit, having the Smith, Elder records on his hands as well as his own, unless it is prepared to employ a reading-room and a microfilm unit.

This problem has of late years become increasingly acute, with the growing attention paid by scholars and students to publishing as well as to literary history. In the United States, two senior publishing houses have recently solved it by depositing their archives in institutional libraries: Harpers in the Pierpont Morgan Library, and Scribner at Princeton. After Richard Bentley's death in 1936 the more important author-correspondences of another famous Victorian firm were sold (mostly to the University of Illinois, whose scholars have made productive use of it); but the exceptionally detailed publishing records were presented by Mrs. Bentley, on Michael Sadleir's advice, to the British Museum.

Thirty years later it is matter for congratulation to all concerned—Mr. T. C. Skeat, Keeper of Manuscripts, for his energetic prosecution of the project, to the Trustees of the British Museum for their determination to find a tidy sum of money to Macmillan's professional adviser, Sotheby & Co., and to Mr. Harold Macmillan and his fellow-directors for their public spirit in proposing *prix d'antiquité* for this immensely valuable collection—that the Macmillan archive (less a minor portion presented to the University of Reading, since, sorted, ordered, and to some extent catalogued by Mr. Nowell-Smith and his assistants, is now in process of transfer to the national repository in Bloomsbury.

Mr. E. H. Carr's *History of the Soviet Union* is a masterpiece of scholarship and insight. It is a book that should be read by all who are interested in the history of the world. Carr's analysis of the Soviet Union is both thorough and balanced. He shows how the Soviet Union has evolved from a small, backward country into a great power. He also shows how the Soviet Union has been a source of both hope and fear for the rest of the world. Carr's book is a masterpiece of scholarship and insight. It is a book that should be read by all who are interested in the history of the world.

MR. BLISHEN'S ANTHOLOGIES

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Noël
et le
Nouvel An
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donner des
livres français
cette année?
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BOOKS RECEIVED

[The inclusion of a book in this list does not preclude its subsequent review]

Art and Architecture
Brett, C. E. *Buildings of Belfast, 1700-1914*. 72pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 36s.

Mr. Brett is a Belfast solicitor who loves, and is amused by, his native city where religious feelings still run so high, and "The Twelfth of July" might rival the Saintes-Maries-de-Ju-Mer as the last great folk festival of Europe. His short, architectural guide is an eye-opener: its seventy-two photographs show unexpected Georgian survivals, Italianate banks, good work by local men—Lanyon and Barry—rich late Victorian pubs and Brumwell Thomas's Edwardian City Hall, "no laughing matter", as he rightly says, Belfast "as yet has no County History, no local authority list of buildings... no Pevsner Guide". Meanwhile Mr. Brett's sensitive and entertaining book will find himself as available only by appointment.

Biography and Memoirs

ANTI-TAYLOR, WILLIAM. *Moscow Diary*. 192pp. Robert Hale, 25s. Mr. Anti-Taylor is a Ghanaian who studied in Moscow in the first days of Leningrad University, founded specifically in Mr. Khrushchev's time for students from the third world. This is not the first book to relate the events of the African students' demonstration in front of the Kremlin or to register an African's realization that race prejudice and imperialism are not monopolies of the West. But the story is told with great verve and a transparency of style which even at times leads the reader to understand some of the Russian hostility he encountered. African students received much larger grants than their Soviet fellows, but nevertheless agitated for an allowance of hard currency to be spent in the foreign currency shops for what are luxuries by Russian standards. But when he meets corruption, suppression of truth, illegality of all sorts and victimization, Mr. Anti-Taylor speaks with a belief in constitutionalism, and a phraseology—"the liberty of the subject"—that was English before self-doubt set in.

JONES, G. F. TREVALLYN. *San-Pit Wharton*. 300pp. Sydney University Press, London; Methuen, £2. *San-Pit Wharton* is not a fully rounded biography but a study of the political career of that long-lived peer, Philip, fourth Lord Wharton, undertaken in the hope that it may offer useful insights into the political and religious problems of the seventeenth century. It does so; but the undeniably complex material is here imperfectly digested, and the character of the "old and expert Parliament man" remains elusive.

Books
Cox's *Guide to London Bookshops*. 78pp. Gerald Cox, 7s. 6d. This paper-covered guide is a good idea, particularly when so many London bookshops are off the main shopping streets. Unfortunately it is far from comprehensive and not always accurate. Several well-known and long-established bookshops in the City of London and in the West End are omitted, and this is not compensated for by the useful lists of less-known second-hand booksellers. None of the bookshop branches of W. H. Smith & Son are listed, and while a well-known Fleet Street bookseller will be surprised to find himself listed as selling second-hand books only, an equally prominent and ever-present Bloomsbury bookseller will find himself as available only by appointment.

Chenai
BIANSTON, BRIAN. *A Film Maker's Guide to Planning, Directing and Shooting Films for Pleasure and Profit*. 205pp. Allen and Unwin, £2. Another addition to the over-generous stock of books which take the amateur film-maker through the first steps in film-making. This one does it quite efficiently, and is a little unusual in the emphasis it places on the "profit" part: it is designed very much to tempt those who see amateur film-making as a way into the profession. Hence the section on "markets", which offers useful guidance to the reader about where, once his film is made, he may be able to sell it (with television, inevitably, taking an important place).

Cookery
The *Cookbook of the United Nations*. Compiled and edited by Barbara Kraus. British edition revised by Marion Howells. Illustrated by Tim Jacques. 232pp. Nelson, 30s. The search for a new angle in cookery books seems unending. Here the gimmick is geography. "One of the most original collections of international recipes ever published," says the blurb on the cover. Perhaps, it is also one of the most pointless. Miss Kraus gives 450 recipes from 112 countries of the United Nations. Grouped as they are by countries rather than by any more logical gastronomic classification, they present a haphazard assortment. The book is unlikely to interest the serious cook.

Education
Notes on *Mathematics in Primary Schools*. By members of the Association of Teachers of Mathematics. 338pp. Cambridge University Press, £3. 3s. (Paperback, 30s.) There have always been gifted teachers who have managed to make mathematics a lively and exciting subject to learn but too often they worked in isolation and were unable to impart to others either their techniques or their enthusiasm. Within the past few years communications have improved and gatherings of teachers exchanging views are now

commonplace. One such gathering has produced this book, which is not so much a teaching manual as a collection of ideas and anecdotes about how these ideas have been received by children. It is written with a zeal that is infectious and, teeming as it is with ideas, no teacher who reads it would ever again have an excuse for being dull. No doubt it will become a standard work in Colleges of Education but it can be warmly recommended to teachers and parents alike for, as no textbook could ever do, it portrays all that is best in the new approach to teaching elementary mathematics.

Gardening
COITS, PETER. *Great Gardens of Britain*. 287pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £5. 5s. until December 31, £6. 6s. thereafter. Thirty-eight British gardens are displayed in the Weidenfeld and Nicolson grand manner with forty colour plates and 250 black-and-white photographs. The text, by the gardening editor of *House and Garden*, briefly describes each garden's history, notable plants, owners past and present; sometimes how it survived world wars. Examples show this country's special contribution to the art of gardening—the landscaped garden, cottage-type garden; the garden evolved by the Lutyens-Jekyll genius. Some gardens described, especially those in Scotland, must be little known to the visiting public. The black-and-white photographs are outstanding; the colour plates less so, for the process that can do justice to the muted tones of a British garden in the British climate has yet to be invented.

Genealogy
WINTON, PHILIP (Compiler). *Manuscript Descriptions of Jamaica*. 361 pp. Society of Genealogists, 32s. 6d. (Paperback, 25s.) The compiler provides as complete a record as possible of the memorial inscriptions to people who died in Jamaica during the two centuries following the conquest of the island in 1655, down to the introduction of compulsory registration of deaths in 1878. Transcripts include not only inscriptions in churches and churchyards but also those for many who were buried on their own estates. There is an index of names, and the volume includes also a descriptive list of the coats of arms displayed on many monuments.

Humour
BENTHARD, BASIL. *Let's Stay Married*. 340pp. Allen and Unwin, 21s. Marriage is a *pas de deux* that is danced on the edge of a precipice. Mr. Benthard shows us a middle-class couple as they teeter above the drop. Some of his reconstructions of the conjugal hazards—holidays, the domestic round and so on—are almost unbearably comic.

Language
LEWIS, G. E. *Turkish Grammar*. 303pp. Clarendon Press; Oxford University Press, £2. 5s. The first complete Turkish grammar in English, describing all the forms and constructions of the standard literary language, together with some colloquial and provincial usages.

History
GRIFFITHS, PERCIVAL. *The History of the Indian Tea Industry*. 730pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson, £8. 8s. The tea industry of Ceylon is now celebrating its centenary year, and Mr. D. M. Forrest, the Special Officer appointed by the industry for the occasion, has written an interesting book on how, starting from the pioneer work of James Taylor, tea came to figure more and more prominently in the economy of Ceylon. This is good reading, and not only by those directly interested in the problems of growth, marketing and promotion. But Sir Percival Griffiths has gone one better in this enormous and sumptuously produced history of the tea industry in India. With the thoroughness which characterizes all his work, he is not content merely to tell of the origins and growth of the tea industry as it exists in India today; he delves deeply and very interestingly into the origins of tea drinking in China and in other parts of Asia and Europe. Into the controversies which raged over the growth of the tea-drinking habit, into the story of the introduction of tea planting in India from the first tentative essays to a *boom* in its climb into importance among India's greatest export industries. He conducts the reader along, fascinating by paths, such as the study of tea garden labour, including welfare and relations with employers; such as the part that the European planters played in the last war. He investigates the problems which bedeviled laborious scientific research in north and south India, the domestic and international organization of the industry; the work of the Tea Cess Committee and of its successor, the Tea Market Expansion Board; the problems of transport, sales, and market promotion. Nor is he too busy to survey the varying fortunes and considerable financial

communities which have been the tea industry in Pakistan. This book is a masterly survey of a subject which discloses unexpected ramifications, many of them fascinating.

HOSKINS, W. G. *Fieldwork in Local History*. 192pp. Faber and Faber, 25s. Professor Hoskins can read an English landscape as other people read a book. His experience is distilled here and shows what a practiced eye might see in a homely hedge, an ancient road, a place-name or a street in an old town. The sites of lost villages are a promising field for the explorer: some 2,000 of these are known and there are probably many more to be discovered. Anyone with a bent for such exploration can here learn from Professor Hoskins what clues to look for, in this as in many other directions. He will find useful advice, too, on the research to be done in the library and record office, from the study of Domesday Book to that of old estate maps, inquiries, and forest perambulations. Local historians ready to pursue their subject both indoors and out in the countryside will find the book a stimulus and a help.

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communities which have been the tea industry in Pakistan. This book is a masterly survey of a subject which discloses unexpected ramifications, many of them fascinating.

Medicine
CLIFFORD, JOHN. *A Good Union*. The St. John Story. 190pp. Robert Hale, 25s.

This is a lively account of the work and many activities carried out by the St. John's Ambulance Brigade. After a short historical introduction, the work is organized and how the teaching of first aid and home nursing is brought to many people at home, in factories, in offices and indeed everywhere, to the great advantage of those in need. The work of the Brigade is carried out in many countries and under a variety of conditions, some uncomfortable, some very uncomfortable. The tale is well told and the book ends with an affectionate and well-deserved tribute to the work of the late Lady Mountbatten who was, for many years, a tireless worker and organizer of the many activities of the Brigade.

Reprints and New Editions
The following have recently appeared in new editions: *Mr. Tompkins in Paperback* by George Galloway (180pp. Cambridge University Press, 27s. 6d.), which first appeared in 1965; *Shakespeare on Contemporary* by Jan Kott translated by Boleslaw Taborski, with a preface by Peter Brook (308pp. Methuen, 35s.), which first came out in 1965; *English Emblem Books* by Rosemary Freeman (256pp. Chatto and Windus, £3. 3s.), which was first published in 1948; *The Malay Peninsula* by P. J. Begg (32pp. Oxford University Press, £5. 5s.), which originally appeared in 1934, but this edition carries a completely new introduction by Diptendra M. Banerjee and *British Malaya, 1824-67* by L. A. Mills, with an introductory chapter by D. K. Basoff, and a bibliography by C. M. Turnbull (Oxford University Press, £4. 2s.), which was first published in 1965. These two books are both in the Oxford in Asia Historical Reprints series.

The full title of the *Evening First Dictionary* reviewed on page 1195 of the Children's Books supplement last week is *Boys and Girls' First Dictionary*. In a Books Received notice on November 31 of Robert Hale's *First Series* we mentioned that "the volumes have now appeared". The number already published is a full twenty-two.

THE WEEK'S PAPERBACKS
Titles in bold denote original publications.
Anthropology.—*Australian Aboriginal Studies*. A symposium of papers presented at the 1961 Research Conference. W. E. H. Stanner, chairman of the Conference. Symposium edited by Helen Shell. Published for the Australian Institute of Aboriginal Studies by Oxford University Press. £2. 5s. Melbourne: E. Spiro; *Burmese Supernaturalism*. Prentice-Hall, 32s. Art.—MICHAEL SULLIVAN. *A Short History of Chinese Art*. Faber and Faber, 21s. Biography and Memoirs.—ALI MIBROK. *Yahya Kemal: A Poet's Life*. Edited and with an introduction by John Hermand. Pp. 36. 6d. HAROLD NICOLSON. *Klug George the Fifth*. Pp. 15s. Classical Studies.—A. G. WOODHEAD. *The Study of Greek Inscriptions*. Cambridge University Press, 10s. 6d. Economics.—J. O. V. GAAFFE. *Theoretical Welfare Economics*. Cambridge University Press, 10s. 6d. H. J. H. H. *American and British Trade in the Nineteenth Century*. Cambridge University Press, 10s. 6d. Education.—*Arts and Education*. Translated and edited by John Burnet. 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